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February 5, 1917

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A New Mystery Serial by Adele Luehrmann

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Who among men may be called most independent?

Rockefeller? Carnegie? Far from it. Thousands must labor that they may be fed: but for the service constantly lavished upon them, their lives would not last a single day.

The man who tastes real independence is he who has delved into the earth, and planted seeds, and tended the plants up through infancy into strength, battling with their enemies, until at last he has won, and has found his reward in their fruits.

There is the truly independent man. Life knows no firmer foundation for self-respect than his. Though all the world were to cease its labor, he and his would still be fed.

He has made himself master of destiny: he has conquered circumstance: fate can not harm him. He can, if necessary, feed himself.

I ask you this Spring to enter the Greatest School. Know, for once in your life, the thrill that comes to him who has mastered the earth.

Let Nature take firm hold upon your self-respect and build you up into finer, more courageous manhood or womanhood.

"There is life in the ground," says Charles Dudley Warner. "It goes into the seeds: and it also, when it is stirred up, goes into the man who stirs it. The hot sun on his back as he bends to his shovel or hoe, or contemplatively rakes the warm, fragrant loam, is better than much medicine."

There is health for you in the Greatest School, as well as an increased self-respect.

And there is money also—if you are the sort who will not enter any road unless first he sees the dollar sign-post beckoning.

Probably never in your life-time will the cost of vegetables be so high as this year. Never again will a little wholesome labor in your back yard be so munificently rewarded.

Health, self-respect, money—yes, and a deeper stirring of the imagination, a fresh impulse to reverence.

I do not envy the man who can look without a reverent wonder on the miracle of a garden.

We bury in the earth the foulest refuse, and, behold, out of it springs the lily. We cast two tiny pellets side by side—dry little fragments, colorless, dead—and lo, where we cast the one comes the pansy, and out of the other the hollyhock.

We pick a speck of dust from an Egyptian mummy's wrapping-cloths. We drop it into the soil, and—wonder of wonders—there is life in its heart. Out of the tiny seed buried with the Pharaohs rises a stalk of wheat to feed a modern world.

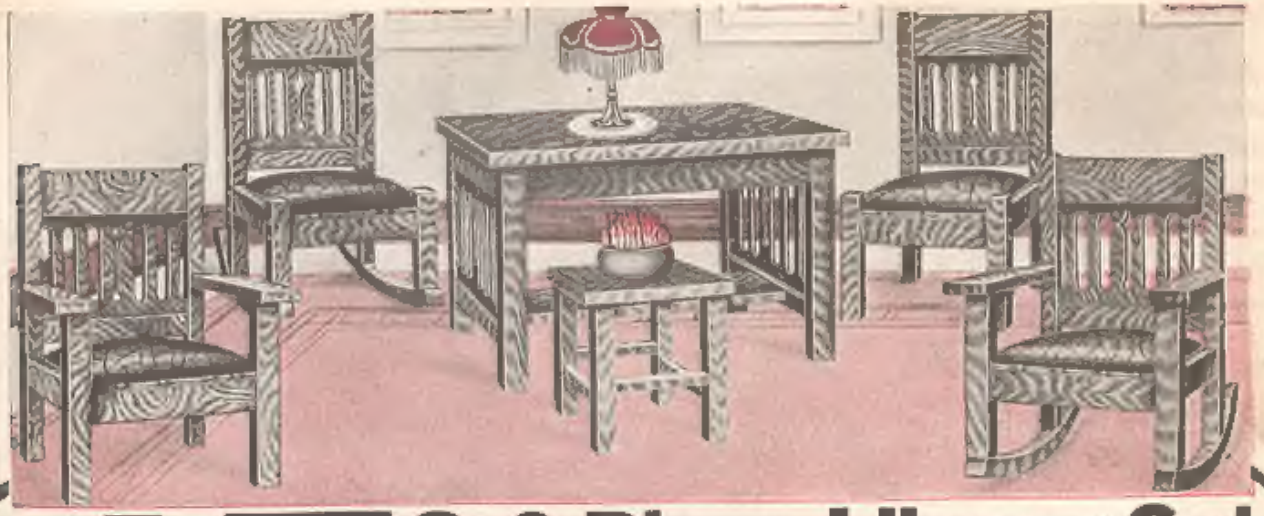
Who can stand with head covered in the presence of miracles like these? Who can work in a garden without a feeling that he walks on holy ground? Who can miss the consciousness that he follows in the footsteps of the Creator—himself handling and delving in the deepest mysteries of life?

"He that walks with God," said that quaint old gardener, Sir William Walker, "can never want a good walke, and good company."

Make a garden this Spring. It need not be a large garden. He who merely touches the hem of Nature's garment is rewarded by her. Into him flows new life from the Mother of all life, and new reverence, and self-respect.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

Herbert Durand has written for our readers a book, "Seventy-five Dollars' Worth of Vegetables for Less than $10." You may have it by sending a nickel to my New York address, 95 Madison Avenue.



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Painted for Every Week by Wladyslaw T. Benda.

THE GARDENER

By KATHARINE TYNAN

MARK thou thy garden—and not spare
Thyself as honest laborer:
Break thou the earth and turn withal,
So the live airs thereon shall fall.

Then set thy little seeds in rows,
With the kind earth for swaddling clothes:
And those shall presently awake,
And into life and praise shall break.

Soon shall the sweet spring trumpets ring,
And all the world sing songs of spring:
Then from the wormy bed shall rise
Creatures that wear the peacock's eyes.

Here shall resort the butterfly,
The birds set up their loves hereby,
The mealy-mouthed bee shall come
For honey for his queen at home.

Brown shall the man grow being wooed
With the sun's kisses, brave and good,
Shall be an-hungered, and, being fed,
Shall find his bed a golden bed.

The wonders of the skies for him
Shall open, nor his eyes be dim:
And, seeing the first leaf unfold,
He shall praise God an hundredfold.

(Poem published by Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd.)

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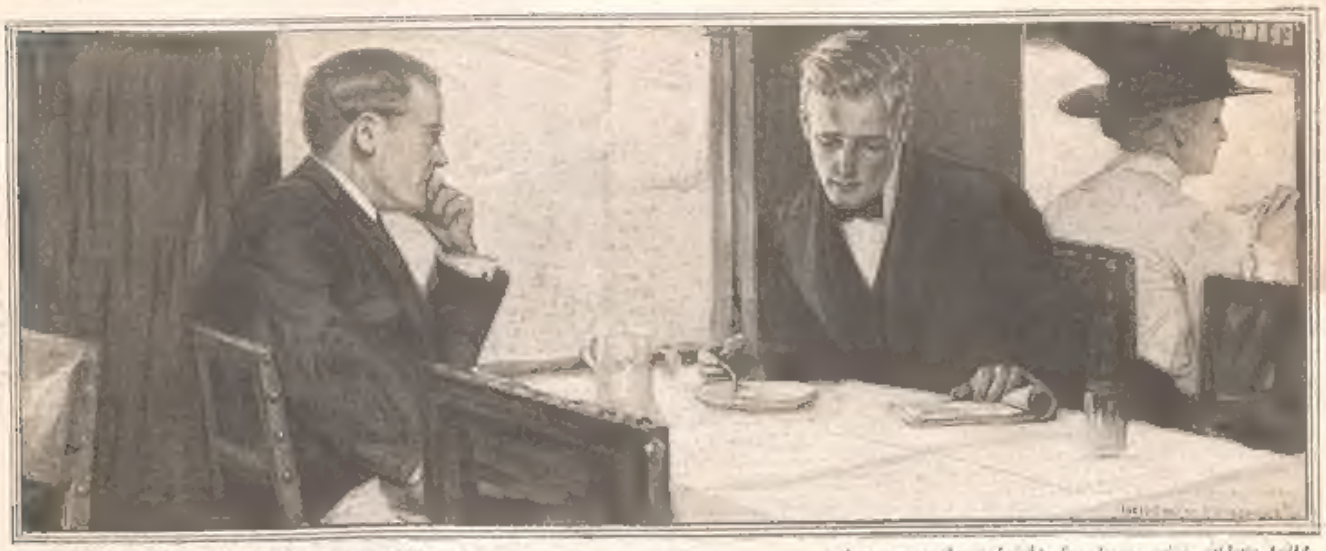

"Immediately, from force of habit, he began mentally to size up his companion, point by point, as if for future reference:

Age, twenty-three; height, five-eleven; wiry, athletic build. Hair, blond, thick, wavy. Complexion too dark for a blond.

THE OTHER BROWN

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

Author of "Who Was Marie Dupont?"

Illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock

IT was sheer luck—as Tim Scarborough himself says—that led to his curiously fateful discussion of dual personality with a total stranger. It chanced that the latter was reading a magazine story based on dissociation of personality, a very striking story that Scarborough happened to have read, and he had seized upon it as a means of starting a conversation, nothing more. And he had begun to talk for no other reason than that he found it unbearable to eat with a human being and behave as if they were animals feeding at a trough.

He had barely glanced at his table companion as he dropped hastily into his seat—hastily because the conductor of the dining-car was waving him toward a seat farther on, the one opposite Valentin Gil; and Tim had an excellent reason for not wishing to dine face to face with that particular person. The reason was simple; he did not wish Gil to remember him if they should ever meet.

True, Scarborough's appearance, as he well knew, was of the nondescript kind not easily impressed on the memory. Rather short, rather thin, sandy-haired and sallow, the average man might have passed him in the street a dozen times without noticing him. But Gil was not an average man, for one thing, and, for another, Tim was taking no chances. If the Mexican should—by some unavoidable mishap—become aware of his existence in the near future, it was highly important that he should not be able to recall the fact that they had left Washington and arrived in New York by the same train.

All of which Tim could not well explain to the conductor of the dining-car as he merely ignored the waving hand and slid into the nearest empty seat.

At the abrupt advent the young man across the table looked up from his magazine, and Tim greeted him with a friendly nod, which was pleasantly returned and the reading resumed.

"A handsome youngster," thought Scarborough, remembering now that he had seen his neighbor before, back in the parlor-car. His seat was the third behind Gil's, and he had come aboard at Philadelphia while the Mexican was in the smoker. These trivial details Scarborough would have taken his oath to; for to recall with exactness anything he had once noted was a valuable part of his stock in trade. And immediately, from force of habit, he began mentally to size up his companion, point by point, as if for future reference—though that he should ever have need of it did not occur to him.

"Age, twenty-three; height, five-eleven; wiry, athletic build—weighs about one-sixty. Hair, blond, thick, wavy—takes a world of brushing to keep it flat. Eyes, blue—clear and frank. Complexion too dark for a blond—looks like tropical tan. Face, clean shaved, a trifle broad; nose, a trifle short; straight, pleasant mouth; chin, round but firm. Clothes in quiet good taste, rather loose fit—look London made. All told, a healthy, honest, intelligent, friendly chap—probably a young 'plute' who goes in for sports."

AS Scarborough summed up his conclusions the subject of them suddenly raised a well-browned hand and smoothed down, from the careful part dividing them, first one half, then the other of his mop of crisp blond hair. The action brought a smile to his observer's eyes. "That's a habit," thought Tim. "I was right about the brushing. Well, my young friend, the gods have been too good to you anyhow. You ought to have something to worry about, if it is only your curly hair."

A waiter now arrived with a plate of soup, and the favorite of the gods shifted his magazine to make room for it—without, however, removing his eyes from the printed page. The soup looking appetizing, Scarborough ordered some, and was already in the act of commanding it before his neighbor gave evidence of being conscious that his own stood untasted before him. Flattening one hand upon the magazine to hold it open, he began to feed himself with the other, absently, between paragraphs. But the reading soon monopolized his attention again, and the soup plate was presently removed only half empty.

WONDERING idly what literary product could have the power to distract the interest of a husky young male from his food, Tim leaned forward a little and spelled out, in the inverted letters at the top of the page: "Her Other Self," and opposite the name of the periodical. Instantly he remembered having read himself to sleep a few nights before with that very story. And he had found it interesting too, he recalled, though hardly so absorbing as this chap seemed to.

The reading came to an end, finally, with the arrival of various dishes that crowded the magazine from the table, and the reader reluctantly closed the book.

"Hard to quit, isn't it?" Tim said, in the soft drawl he had brought up from the South ten years earlier, and which made him seem just the easy-going, sluggish, unobservant person he was not.

The blue eyes of his companion wandered blankly upon him for a moment, as if their owner, absorbed in his thoughts, had not at once caught the question; then he answered pleasantly: "Yes, rather. I had stumbled on a good yarn."

Scarborough nodded. "It is a good one."

At the words the young man, who had turned away to dispose of his magazine, looked back quickly.

"Oh, you've read it?" he asked with interest. "Then you can tell me how it ends. I've just got to the elopement—when she's in the abnormal state, you remember. What happens when she changes back to her normal personality and finds out she is married to the man who ruined her sister?"

"She kills herself."

"O—oh!"

Scarborough had to smile at the frank disappointment in his companion's tone.

"It couldn't very well end any other way, could it?" he said.

"But what did the sister do—and the man?"

"It doesn't say; the story stops with the suicide."

"Of course; that's always the way," said the young stranger disgustedly. "Writers always kill off their people when they don't know what else to do with them. But it isn't true to life, is it? Now, that story would never have ended that way in real life. Even if the girl had killed herself, that wouldn't have ended things. The sister went on living; so did the man. Somebody always goes on living."

"Well, I reckon a story has to end sometime," drawled Tim indifferently; but from beneath their heavy lids his gray eyes shot a keen glance across the table. Something in his companion's final words had struck him oddly. Was it the words themselves, or the emphasis, or just the speaker's odd accent? That accent puzzled Tim. He had taken its owner at sight for an American, but at his first words had decided that he was English.

Now he did not know what he was. His speech was markedly British; yet there was in it something that seemed quite foreign to the English tongue. Hardly definite enough to be called an accent, it yet indicated—at least, so Tim decided—that the stranger, at home as he obviously was in the English language, might be still more at home in some other. But what other? That was where Scarborough stuck. The variation was so slight, so intermittent, that it defied classification. Only a keen ear would have detected it at all. Being baffling, it became interesting; Tim wanted to hear more of it.

But, with a little shrug of assent, the young man now turned his attention to his food, and from the absent manner in which he served himself it seemed likely

that, if left to him, the conversation would end there. So after a moment Tim spoke again.

"Of course, all the author cared about was the girl's two personalities," he observed, as if his thoughts had never left the story they had been discussing. "Queer, isn't it, what a fascinating subject dual personality is?"

His companion's gaze, which was wandering abstractedly down the car, came back at once, and he nodded, but, as he did not speak, Scarborough went on:

"In fiction, that is, of course—not in life. Take, for instance, Stevenson's 'Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' Jekyll is a decent, kindly man who, by means of a powder that he has compounded, transforms himself into a cowardly ruffian calling himself Hyde. With another powder he turns himself back to Jekyll. It's a fascinating idea for a story. But just take a real case of it. Change a decent, quiet, reasonable man into a noisy, irresponsible beast,—not with a powder, but with alcohol,—and it isn't fascinating at all. It's disgusting. Or let a poor devil get the notion fixed in his addled brain that he is John the Baptist or Napoleon, and there is nothing entrancing about that, either."

"But drunkenness and insanity are not change of personality."

"Why not? The victim changes completely—becomes something altogether different from his normal self. Isn't it as near dual personality as we ever get, outside of books?"

"But it isn't dual personality at all!"

The repeated assertion was emphasized by a slight note of astonishment, and the speaker looked curiously at Scarborough, as if wondering that any one so intelligent should be so mistaken.

"Dual personality is the result of dissociation of personality—that's the technical term," he explained. "It's the splitting up of a personality into separate parts, which in turn dominate the faculties. Each is conscious of itself as a distinct and complete individuality; and neither has any direct knowledge of the other's existence. *That* is what is meant by double personality."

"Yes, I know," said Tim. "But I don't believe that it exists outside of fiction."

"Why—there are cases of it on record!" protested the young man earnestly. "Some of them are as strange or stranger than the one of that girl in the story. I've read the records!"

"I know," said Tim again. "I've read several myself—the doctors' reports, you mean. But it seemed to me that they all boiled down to some form of insanity."

HIS companion's lips parted to speak, plainly in contradiction, but closed again silently. Then, as if reaching a decision, he said with courteous firmness: "I am sure you are mistaken, but I dare say most people would agree with you," and took up his knife and fork as if that was all he cared to say on the subject.

Then, almost at once and before Scarborough could reply, he laid down the knife and fork again, and, as if impelled by some hidden feeling, he leaned forward.

"Don't you see that that is just why anybody afflicted with double personality would do anything in the world to keep it from being found out?" he demanded, adding at once: "And don't think for a minute that he couldn't do it! For, far from being insane and irresponsible when in the abnormal state, as you suppose, a man may be quite as intelligent as he is normally. And he can learn all about his normal self and imitate it so well that no one guesses the truth. Of course he's different, in some ways, and people notice that. He may even be so changed that they think he takes a drug or—or drinks. But that's better than being thought insane and being locked up, isn't it?"

Scarborough laughed.

"If I had known you were a doctor I'd never have got into an argument with you," he said.

"A doctor?" the other echoed. Then, seeming to feel that his attitude required explanation, he said: "I've read up on the subject a little, just because I happened to be interested. You see, I—I know of a case."

"Of dual personality?" exclaimed Tim, frankly incredulous.

"Yes—a genuine case."

"One that you came in contact with personally?"

"Well—I know all about it."

"How? From people who—"

BUT Tim's question was cut short by the sound of his own name and a vigorously friendly hand on his shoulder, and he looked up to greet a grinning, red-haired youth who had just come down the aisle from another table.

"Dozy! Where'd you come from?"

"Been down home," said the boy. "Hope I'm not butting in," he added, with a smile across the table. Then, without waiting for a reply, he sat down in the confident manner of one used to "butting in" and having people like it. He and Scarborough were cousins, of a kind—a Southern kind, no one knowing just how far removed. The relationship was traditional in their families, and their mothers, being friends, had always emphasized it. And, indeed, there was a certain likeness in type between them. Dozy, like Tim, was rather short and energetically constructed; but his hair and eyebrows had more color, and the broad white teeth that his engaging smile frequently displayed furnished him with at least one striking feature.

"You are butting in, decidedly," his kinsman informed him cordially. "But I don't suppose it will help any to tell you so. I was just having a most interesting discussion with Mr. ——"

"My name is Brown."

"Thanks. Mine is Scarborough, and this is my friend, Doxie Cullop."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Brown," said Dozy, offering his hand.

"Mr. Brown was just saying that he knew of a case of dual personality," Scarborough said, to bring the conversation back to the point of interruption. "Was it a man or a woman?"

"A man."

"And just how did it affect him?"

"Oh, about like that girl in the story. He didn't know, in one mental state, anything that happened in the other. This beef is pretty tough. If you ordered any of it I advise you to get something else."

"I didn't, thanks," said Tim. "Was the change in him very noticeable?"

"Very," said Brown shortly. "Don't you find it warm in this car?"

"Of course; they're always overheated," Tim returned carelessly. "Just how did it change him?"

A swift frown crossed Brown's face, and Tim, noting it, smiled to himself. He was determined not to let the young man change the subject. People were always making positive statements about things, and trying to slide out when one began to pin them down to facts. He felt sure that the facts in this case would uphold his own contention, and wanted to make Brown admit it. "How did it change him?" he repeated, knowing that a direct question is hard to evade gracefully.

"Well, he didn't change physically—exactly," the young man answered, after a pause of evident reluctance. "But his expression, manner, and way of speaking were so transformed that people who knew him well sometimes failed to recognize him. His tastes changed, too, and his feelings toward people."

"Why, that's like a play I saw last winter," Doxie Cullop put in. "The girl changed right on the stage, and, believe me, it was dreamy. She didn't walk or talk or act the same—and she *looked* different. It was the queer—"

"Was the difference between the man's two personalities anything like that between Jekyll and Hyde, for instance?" Tim questioned, cutting short Dozy's digression; for he feared that Brown, who had nearly finished his dinner, would leave and thereby escape him.

"Oh, not at all," was the instant response. "Hyde was a monster. There was nothing like that in this case. The difference was that, while normally the man was quiet, self-controlled, and—temperate, in the abnormal state he was nervous, high-strung, and rather reckless."

"And intemperate? Do drank, you mean?"

"Well—yes," Brown answered after a moment. "But it was not the drink that caused the change in him," he added hastily. "He never wanted it until after the change had come over him; never touched it—hated the taste of it."

"That was funny!" said Dozy.

"Not at all," Tim answered. "There are many periodical drinkers who loathe liquor between spees. But I don't quite see, Mr. Brown, how you can be so sure that this man's trouble was not a form of insanity. You didn't know the case at first hand, you said—"

"Pardon me, but I wonder if we couldn't have a window opened?"

As he spoke Brown half rose as if to open one himself.

"Wait a minute; here's a waiter," said Dozy.

"You English just can't bear to be comfortable, can you?" he said, as he turned back laughingly to Brown.

Instantly a dark flush mounted under the tanned skin of the stranger.

"I'm not English," he said quietly; "I'm an American. But I haven't been used to steam heat lately and it suffocates me."

"We overdo it, especially on trains," said Scarborough, wondering at the flush. "But, to return to our mutton, just how did your man come out with his two personalities? What's the story?"

But Brown, his patience exhausted by his inquisitor's persistence, did not answer. He straightened sharply in his seat and looked at Scarborough, his face rigid, his lips tight.

"If you will excuse me, I prefer not to say anything more about the case," he said coldly. "It happens to be that of a member of my family."

"Oh—I beg your pardon!" Tim exclaimed, surprised and mortified. "I had no idea of such a thing. Of course, we will say no more about it." Then, to relieve the awkwardness of the moment, he turned to Dozy with a question:

"Had dinner?"

"All I want. My class is giving a banquet in New York to-night and I'm saving my appetite. I'm to respond to a toast," he hurried on, anxious to help Tim out by keeping up the talk. "I'm as nervous as a cat. Wish you fellows would join me in a drink."

"Not drinking, thanks," said Scarborough.

"Thank you, I never take anything," Brown answered.

"Better join us and stay sober, kid. Better for your speech. How did you find the old town?"

"Same as ever. Nothing'll ever change it but an act of God. I went down to sister's wedding. Tried to get her to postpone it on account of the dinner to-night, but she said it would be bad luck, so I had to leave before it was half over to make this train, and I've been worrying all the way up for fear we'd go off the track or something. I wouldn't miss that dinner for a farm! The sophs are planning to break in and raid us—if they can. Anyhow, that's what we think. They're up to something, that's sure."

THE boy rattled on, and gradually the conversation became general, Brown taking part in it also as the constraint passed off.

Scarborough meantime had kept a careful eye on the table at which Valentin Gil was dining, timing his own dinner in accordance with the Mexican's progress. And when, at length, he saw Gil paying his check, he called at once for his own. At that, Brown, who had settled his score and had lingered to listen to Dozy's chatter, rose to leave the table; and it chanced that just as he did so Gil passed, and they came face to face.

With an exclamation of surprise, the Mexican stopped and held out his hand, only to withdraw it again instantly. "Beg pardon," he said, "a mistake," and turning walked on.

For several moments Brown remained staring after him.

"Do you happen to know who that is?" he asked, looking over at Tim.

Scarborough shook his head. "No idea," he said.

"Looks like a Mexican, don't you think so?"

"Yes, rather. Ever been to Mexico?"

"Just came from there," Brown answered; and, with a pleasant bow to his dinner companions, he turned away.

"So long, Brown. Hope I meet you again sometime," Dozy Cullop called after him.

"Thanks." Brown returned heartily, looking back to smile. "Shouldn't wonder—world's pretty small." And he moved off.

Scarborough got up.

"Here," he said, thrusting a bill at Dozy; "stay and pay my check." And, without a word of explanation, he followed Brown down the aisle.

He kept some distance back of him, and when they had reached the car in which they both had seats Scarborough stopped in the narrow passage that ran beside the smoking-room, and furtively watched the other as he went on. The faces of the car's occupants were turned him, and half way along sat Gil, his dark head low red over a newspaper. He did not even look up as Brown went by him.

"Probably just what it looked like—a mistake on the part of Gil," Tim said to himself, reassured, and walked back to the vestibule to wait for Dozy.

"WHAT'S up, Tim?" Dozy inquired breathlessly, the instant he appeared.

"None of your business," Scarborough informed him pleasantly, as he pocketed his change.

"I hear you're working for Uncle Sam now."

"Is that so? And where did you collect that valuable news item?"

The faintest frown rutfled Tim's placid brow.

Dozy grinned at it. He knew how keenly Scarborough disliked discussion of his affairs.

"Your mamma told my mamma, and my mamma told me," he mocked.

"Well, son, now that you know it, the first thing to do is to forget it. Especially," Tim added seriously, "if our good-looking young friend Brown should happen to ask you."

"Brown!" The boy stared his surprise. "Tim! You're not after *him!*"

"Why not?"

"He's no crook!"

"Took a fancy to him, eh? Well, so did I. And you're probably right about him; but I'm taking no chances, so don't talk."

Dozy wanted to ask why, and many other questions. But he had learned from experience that they would not be answered. So he contented himself with repeating emphatically: "He's no crook. He's all right, if anybody is." He added: "And, if you ask me, I think he acted mighty well about that dual-personality business. What in the name of dewdrop made you keep after him until he had to admit it was in his own family? Couldn't you see he didn't want to talk about it?"

"Well, you riled him some yourself when you called him English," Tim evaded. "Notice that?"

"Notice it? I should say so. He got as red as if I had insulted him. You don't suppose he's German?"

"He says he's an American. Come on."

Tim led the way back to his seat, and as they passed Brown Dozy gave the latter a sharp, appraising glance, covered by his broadest grin.

"You're plumb crazy—he's no crook." the boy growled into his companion's ear. "And he can't be German, either—with his accent."

Scarborough made no reply. He had, as it happened, just decided that the young man in question could be German; that that indefinable something in his speech might be thus accounted for—though, one had to admit, it would have been accounted for equally well by the theory of French or Italian birth.

Not caring to discuss the point with

Doxy, he led him into talk of people and affairs "down home" until the porter came along with his whisk-broom to tidy up his charges for their arrival in New York.

"So long," said the boy, rising to go to his own seat in the car behind. "If you get lonesome in the great city, look me up."

"Sure thing. Still living with your uncle uptown?"

"Chehalis. He's a good old scout—never gives me any trouble."

With a parting grin, Doxy was off.

LEFT alone, Searborough gazed thoughtfully down the aisle at the back of Brown's blond head, then on to Gil's dark one. The Mexican's hair was the color of charcoal, straight and coarse—Indian hair. Other marks of aboriginal descent he bore in his high cheek-bones, high nose, long eyes, and pale copper skin.

He was a man of middle age, a lawyer who for fifteen years had practised with only moderate success, drawing his clientele from among his compatriots resident in New York. The number of these having been greatly increased in the past few years by the revolutions in their own country, business with Gil had been good, and in the last months he had also added to his list of clients several rich Americans for whom he had acted as agent in the purchase of mining properties in Mexico.

These had been secured at bargain prices from small holders unable longer to continue non-paying investments, and Gil was supposed to have profited handsomely by the deals. Certainly the quality of his clothes, his well groomed aspect and self-satisfied air spelled prosperity in capitals.

So far, so good. But an intimation had now reached Washington that these transfers of Mexican holdings, legitimate enough in themselves, had a sinister significance that gravely concerned the United States government. The new owners, it was said, had no intention of waiting indefinitely for dividends. Already plans were under way for the instigating of raids of Mexican bandits into Texas to force the administration to send troops to the border—a step that it was hoped would lead to war and in due course to the resumption of industrial occupations under control of the United States.

Gil's complicity in this treasonable project was as yet only suspected, and Searborough had been assigned to the task of keeping him under observation. It was work that might prove of the utmost importance, and Tim, who was a newcomer in the Secret Service, felt intensely his responsibility.

After a full minute's speculative gaze at the black pate of the Mexican he looked again at Brown. Here, he knew, was a man of very different caliber from Gil, so different that it seemed absurd to couple them, especially without better evidence than had appeared. This Searborough told himself again and again; yet the feeling persisted that between the two men there was a hidden bond. And, though he suspected that his feeling might be due entirely to his own nervous apprehension, he yielded to it a few minutes later, when the train was pulling into New York, by stopping at the seat just vacated by Brown to pick up two crumpled bits of paper that he had seen the young man toss away while the porter was brushing him. From their color he knew they were Pullman checks, one doubtless for the chair near which it lay. But the other might tell where Brown had come from—probably he had only changed at Philadelphia.

Dropping the checks into his overcoat pocket,—there was no time then to examine them,—Tim followed Gil. Brown he soon lost sight of on the crowded platform, nor did he again see Doxy. He had, indeed, all he could do to keep up with the Mexican. Unencumbered by a bag, the latter forged ahead, and it was only by walking almost on his heels that Tim managed not to be separated from him.

"Keep that taxi in sight!" he ordered his chauffeur, as he plunged into the cab following Gil's.

THE two machines rolled out of the station, units in a long procession, and turned north on Seventh Avenue. Tim dropped the window in front of him, and, leaning forward, studied the license number of the other car until it was stamped upon his memory. Then he stared anxiously ahead. It was nearly eight o'clock, and a few blocks farther on lay the junction of Forty-second Street and Broadway, which at that hour, like a mighty vortex, sucks toward itself all the traffic of the city.

"Get alongside," he directed sharply, fearing that if he did not keep abreast of the taxi he was following he might at any corner be parted from it by a cross-current of travel. At last, however, they were safely through the worst congestion, out of the roar and blaze, pointed toward Columbus Circle.

From this pivot they swung to the right and entered Central Park West, where in the early evening north-bound vehicles are scarce. For half a mile they proceeded without a break in the course; then, at a street in the lower Seventies, the leading cab suddenly turned, slowed down, and stopped before a house near the corner.

"Look out, now," warned Searborough. "Pass them! Now turn round and stop on the other side of the street—I'll tell you when."

Plainly unsuspicious of espionage, Gil mounted the stone stoop of the house before which he had stopped, rang the bell, and stepped into the vestibule to await admission. This came, as it happened, at the moment that Searborough's taxi halted at the opposite curb, and Tim was given a brief but very distinct view of the tall, gray-haired man who opened the door—distinct enough, at least, for him to see that the man was not a servant.

The house, like all the others in the long block, was four-storied, narrow, and brown. Nothing was noticeable about it except that it showed fewer lighted windows than any of the others, none at all above the first floor—though that was hardly a matter for remark.

Five minutes passed, ten; then, of a sudden, the door was opened again, this time by Gil himself. Closing it, he came quickly down the steps to the sidewalk and reentered his cab, which at once started back along the way it had come. At the first entrance into the park, how-

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"My God!" gasped Doxy, falling back. "Stay where you are," Searborough ordered, kneeling and making rapid tests of the man's pulse and heart.

Is There Any Chance in Latin America?

By WILLIAM E. AUGHINBAUGH

"CAN I make money in South America?" "Do I need to know the language?" "Is capital required?" Questions like these are being asked by many young men. Here they are answered by Dr. Aughinbaugh, whose authoritative knowledge of South America has been recognized by the adoption of his book, "Selling Latin America," in many colleges and universities, and by his appointment to the Chair of Foreign Trade in New York University.

I HAVE spent eighteen years of my life in Latin America. I know it as you know the streets of your home town. I have traveled through every republic south of the Rio Grande, not once but many times. From Mexico to Patagonia I have been in Indian villages, small towns, big cities, and busy ports. I am repeatedly asked, "What are the opportunities for an American in Latin America?" My answer invariably is the same: "If you are the right type of man, Latin America offers exceptional chances to amass a fortune with a minimum of effort."

Latin America comprises twenty distinct States, with a population estimated between sixty-five and seventy-five millions. The majority of the inhabitants are Indians, mixed breeds, negroes, and a comparatively small proportion of whites, excepting Uruguay, Chile, and the Argentine, where the Caucasian predominates. In all of these countries Spanish is spoken, excepting Brazil, where Portuguese is the language.

Every one of these republics is in the process of development and expansion. They have in profusion the things the busy world most needs. They are the largest producers of raw materials. Their mines are the richest known to man. Some have been worked literally for thousands of years and are still productive. Their broad fields are destined to make them the granaries of the world, while their extensive acreage means that they will contribute largely to its meat supply. Their vast virgin forests will enable them to provide humanity with cabinet and other woods for centuries. Large and small rivers afford easy and cheap means for transportation, and can be converted into power, heat, and light generators.

All Latin America is in the process of awakening. Railways are being built; natural resources exploited; agricultural methods modernized; municipal and national improvements contemplated. Just think what must be the opportunities in Brazil—a country larger than the United States and its foreign possessions by more than 200,000 square miles—with only 20,000,000 people; or the possibilities in the Argentine—spreading over as much territory as all of Europe, less Russia and Austria-Hungary—with but 6,000,000. These conditions are duplicated in the other countries.

Latin Americans will never be inventors or manufacturers. Climatic conditions, racial and inherited traits, make them follow the lines of least resistance, and they have become farmers on a large scale, or cattle-raisers. Comparatively few enter commercial life. Their markets are easily reached. Their credit is good. Possessing the things the world most requires—wheat, cereals, meat, coffee, cocoa, sugar, rubber, wool, nitrates, minerals, woods,—they are relatively immune from any great financial crisis.

Socially, Latin Americans may be divided into two great classes—the politician and the business man. The former lives by exploiting his country and his countrymen. He has the interest of neither at heart. To his door may be traced all the revolutions and other disturbances in these places. On the contrary, the merchant and estate owner has the welfare of his land and its citizens always in mind; for he knows full well that peace means prosperity, that prosperity induces capital to come for the development of latent resources. The politician is in the minority, but his voice is heard loud and often in public places, and his speeches are reproduced by the press. Upon his actions and his utterances we are prone to judge the masses. Unfortunately, we of the North are unacquainted with the real Latin American—the dignified, courteous man of affairs, the man who contributes his capital, his ability, and his best efforts to the upbuilding of his nation; for he keeps in the background.

With the use of ordinary judgment and due respect for the customs and habits of the natives, by simple tact, ordinary honesty, energy, and small capital, one is sure to succeed in these lands. The truth of this statement is demonstrated most completely by the fact that thousands of Europeans, many of them uneducated, possessed of no great ability, and practically without money, have settled throughout these countries and established themselves in prosperous occupations, acquiring in a relatively short period of time sufficient to keep them in affluence for the remainder of their lives.

But let me warn those contemplating a business life in these fields that the pitfalls are numerous. Life is primitive in all but the few large capitals and ports; government officials exasperating, especially those of the customs; transportation facilities poor; everything expensive; procrastination everywhere; disease stalks through most of the lands; social rules are more exacting than ours.

Above everything else, it is imperative that one know the language of the country wherein he expects to reside, if he wishes success to crown his efforts; for ability to speak grammatically the local idiom brings one in closer contact with the people and aids materially in properly interpreting their thoughts.

Given such a condition of affairs as I have outlined, it becomes apparent that Latin America is a land for strong men only—strong mentally, morally, and physically. It is no place for the waster or the loafer. It is without hope for the cripple or the defective. It does not beckon to the weakling or the dreamer. But to the man of small capital, a high sense of honor, ambition, downright integrity, and faith in himself and his ability to make good, it offers brilliant prospects.

For women few, if any, opportunities exist. Schools are scarce and teachers sadly underpaid. Feminine help is not employed in offices. Trained nursing is done almost exclusively by religious orders. In short, women in trade are ostracized and looked down upon. Unquestionably the larger cities, such as Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago (Chile), Montevideo, and Havana, will sooner or later recognize the fact that special fields exist in which women are paramount, and when this time comes the possibilities for women will be as good as in the United States. I am sure, however, that this day is not at hand.

A Vacant Lot Garden that Paid

VERY early in 1916 I took a little walk around a vacant lot that lay just across the alley from my home, and resolved that when summer came again it should no longer be an eyesore, but should blossom as the rose and yield all manner of delightful things for the table, instead of its present abundant crop of briars and tin cans.

While it was still too cold and wet to do any outdoor work, I planned my garden. The space with which I had to work was sixty by one hundred and twenty feet. This was more than was needed for vegetables, considering that I had a smaller back-yard garden, so I decided to grow some sweet potato, cabbage, and tomato plants. These always sell readily in our community through April, May, and June.

Early in February I went to one of our local wholesale seed men and contracted with him to grow for him several thousand sweet potato plants, and told him that I would have cabbage and tomato plants for sale, too.

Feeling that my market was now assured, I went ahead with the garden.

I had it cleared off and fenced with a substantial wire fence five feet high. It was then thoroughly plowed, which is always preferable to spading or digging, wherever a horse can work.

A walk four feet wide, outlined with stones picked up on the ground, was made through the middle of the garden, and rose bushes set out on both sides. Twelve out of fourteen bushes lived and throve, delighting us with lovely roses the first season.

The first thing planted was English peas, on February 25. (It must be remembered that these planting dates are for the South.) The rows were half the length of the garden, that is, from the walk over to the fence, and I will tell just here how that space was utilized throughout the season.

Before the peas were nearly ready to pick, cucumbers and cantaloupes were planted between alternate rows, and by the time the peas were done bearing those vines had grown so that they almost covered the ground. The pea vines were then pulled up and the ground given over to cucumbers and cantaloupes. The third crop for the season on this space was turnips, which were sown late in July.

The space corresponding to this, on the other side of the walk, was used for tomatoes. These were set very deeply, and have abundantly all summer. Being set so deeply, the hot, dry weather did not affect them at all.

The wire fence gave me 360 feet of support for pole beans, of which I planted two varieties, the white creaseback and the Texas pole.

I sold my sweet potato plants at a good price—$416. The cabbage and tomato plants did well, and the demand was greater than the supply.

Late in October I bought the sash from an old building that was being torn down, for almost nothing, and from this and some old lumber my two boys and I constructed some hot-beds and cold-frames. All winter these gave us lettuce, spinach, parsley, and greens; a mixture of mustard and turnips.

My actual net cash return from my vacant lot garden, not to mention the fresh vegetables enjoyed by the family all the year, was $254.

Gardening certainly does pay.

Photographs from Mary H. Northend.

Does your back yard look like the picture above? If so, why not make it look like the picture below? A few pennies spent for seeds, a few hours of pleasant work in the warm sunshine, will add beauty to your home, health to yourself, and money for your pocket-book.

Tabulated Yield of Garden

Things planted	When Planted	Yield	Returns
Peas	Feb. 25	All vegetables	
Spinach	Mch. 15	yielded well.	
Turnips	Mch. 19	They were	
Carrots	Mch. 19	used all season	
Pole beans	Mch. 15	and no ac-	
Tomatoes transplanted	May 1	count kept.	
Corn	July 5		
Bush beans	July 5		
Lettuce	July 20		
Sweet potatoes (Bedded)	Mch. 20-25	300,000 plants	$252.00
Cabbage, 3 va.	Feb. 15	9,000 plants	9.00
Tomatoes, 4 va.	Mch. 15	5,000 plants	7.50
			$268.50
Wire, seed, fertilizer, extra labor, etc.			145.00
			$253.50

Mrs. J. N. C., Alabama.

JESSIE PASSES

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

Illustrations by Edward L. Chase

"TAKE it from me," sighed Jessie, "I'm tired of this life. I'm tired of these buyers from up-State. I'm tired of these summer bachelors, so devilish in July and August and so damned good after Labor Day. I'm tired of men with rolls of fat on the back of their necks that they think they can get away with because they sport fat rolls in their pockets. I'm tired of thin, sleek ones and short, stubby ones. I'm just as tired of 'rah-'rah boys as I am of their naughty grandfathers. My feet hurt me, and I've got to part with seven perfect'y good dollars to-morrow to have my hair bundled up. I'll bet that bloodish steak I had for lunch was bad, the way my insides feel. I'll bet I'm coming down with that kind of poisoning they have. My pink crêpe de chine waist was spoiled in the wash, and the landlady has raised my rent, the rat! And if I should sit up nights thinkin', I wouldn't think of a living soul that loves me!"

And with this Jessie put her head down upon the dressing-table, amid a litter of little boxes having the names of actresses on their outsides and pink stuff within, and wept. Immediately a chorus went up from the other three Gayley Sisters:

"Aw, now, Jess, buck up. Aw, say!"

"Dearie! My heavens, dearie, your eyes—"

"Cut out the weeps, girlie! Somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere the sky is bl-lue!"

They patted her on the back with soothing, pink-polished hands; they besought her to tell them why, all of a sudden, these tears, this ennui, this general limpness.

"It's that black cat her and Bobby ran over in Bobby's car yesterday. It's double-crossed her!" Mamie Corcoran cried; and the other two shuddered fearfully.

Jessie sat up suddenly.

"Thank God, I'm not superstitious. It isn't that cat—it's my mother."

She looked into the mirror tragically, and met three startled pairs of eyes.

"Your mother! We didn't know you had one."

"You always told us," cried Mamie Corcoran, "that your mother give you away when you was two years old, and you've never seen her since. Have you heard from her, then?"

"Has she come to claim you, Jess?" eagerly cut in Sally Peacock, who was soaked in paper-covered romances.

Jessie shook a mournful head.

"No, but I dreamed about her last night. Listen. I saw her just as plain! She was sitting in a rocking-chair on the front porch of a white house with green shutters and roses climbin' up the sides. And there was a white picket fence, and a gate with an old flatiron on a rope to keep it shut. And there was a hammock under two apple trees. And a rain-barrel around by the cellar door. And the street was one of those village streets with maple trees making it all shady and cool, and five or six women sitting out on their porches embroidering and calling across to each other like they do in those small towns. And my mother had on a white apron, and she was shelling peas for supper. And—listen. I opened the gate like this"—Jessie sprang to her feet and dramatized. "'Mother!' I dreamt I said. And she jumped up. 'Jessie, my long lost daughter!' she cried—and just then I woke up. It was the grandest dream I ever had."

A long sigh came from the other three Gayleys. Superstitious to their little trained toes, they were ever enthralled with a dream.

"I wonder what it's a sign of?" one of them whispered. "Do you think maybe you're going to see her?"

"I don't know," replied Jessie, reflectively but skilfully kaleidoscoping her straight, sensible nose. "I must say, I haven't thought much about her for years—being given away when I was such a kid, y'know, and never hearing from her. But that dream has got me going. I ain't thought about another thing all day. And do you know what I've just about made up my mind to do?"

"No!" they chorused. "What?"

"Go back to Kerseyville and live with my mother!"

Wails, expostulations, lamentations broke forth. They were sincere, too. The Gayley Sisters, through the medium of voice and toes and youth, and pulchritude a-plenty, had become one of the most popular of cabaret quartettes. For four years they had worked together with much greater harmony than if they had been real sisters. They had cursed one another and protected one another, and quarreled and made up. They had kept straight and clean in spite of poisonous surroundings that had given them enough precocious wisdom to put a gleam in the eyes of angels. And now they faced the loss of their cleverest member. In two minutes they were all on the verge of tears. They argued and pleaded and wailed.

BUT Jessie was bewitched by a dream. She had had a vision of a village street, of a cleaner, greener land, of faces that were familiar and kind, of home cooking, a motherly bosom, and peace, after a somewhat grimy and stressful youth. The more the other Gayley Sisters argued, the more set became Jessie, until at last they all were obliged to leave the dressing-room for the cabaret below, where they gave the most feverish, depressed, and uneven performance of their career.

When they got back to their dressing-room again they advanced one last plea. If she cared nothing for them, what about Bobby Morell?

"That boy thinks a lot of you, Jessie, believe me," said Sally Peacock. "I shouldn't wonder if he'd kill himself driving that car, when he knows about you going away."

"I'll bet he'd marry you without a struggle," subtly interposed Mamie Corcoran.

Jessie bristled.

"I'll have you know," she said coldly, "he proposed to me this afternoon. He'd have driven straight to Tiffany's for the ring if I'd said the word. But I couldn't get that dream out of my head. I says to him: 'Would you promise to live in the country, Bobby, where we could have rose bushes and a rain-barrel and a flatiron on the gate, where I could sit on the veranda and embroider with the woman next door, and you could come home at night and mow the lawn?'"

"What did he say?" they chorused.

Jessie sniffed scornfully.

"What could you expect a fellow to say that never goes into the country except to scorch up to Stanley's in Yonkers? And whose grandfather was one of the first drivers on the Broadway stage-coach? Why, he laughed so he almost fell out of the car. Regular city Rube, he is! No; I have a hunch"—here Jessie leaned out of the window and dreamily contemplated the Sixth Avenue Elevated roaring by at the end of the street—"I have a hunch that I am going to marry the son of a hack president and have a big white Colonial house with an acre of lawn in the best residential part of Kerseyville."

After this they gave her up. For three days they watched her with commingled awe and grief as she made her preparations for her new life. She dug out from the candy box in the bottom of her trunk the forty-two dollars she was saving for a fur coat, and with it she bought a fluffy gray taffeta dress she had had her eye on for two weeks, a fascinating gray hat, a white fox boa at a place on Sixth Avenue where many a family cat has met an untimely end, and a new pair of high white shoes.

Thus arrayed, at noon on a bright summer day she stepped from the train at Kerseyville.

NOW, Jessie had known all along that she would probably make some stir in Kerseyville. A *ford ensemble* that would make Broadway turn around for another look might naturally be expected to attract notice in a town where the noon train is an event. So she walked with apparent unconcern, but with supernatural inward exhilaration, past the startled stares of twenty or thirty assorted males down Railroad Avenue to Main Street.

She had not the slightest idea where her mother lived. The aunt to whom Jessie had been given at the age of two had always spoken of Jessie's mother as living in Kerseyville, and, although Jessie had never seen the place and had not heard a word from or about her mother in many years, her dream had *looked* to her like Kerseyville; therefore she had every right to believe that in a few minutes she would be unlatching the gate with the flatiron hung from it.

REFLECTING on the joyous surprise her mother was about to receive she had not written to announce her coming, for in the dream her mother had been undoubtedly surprised). Jessie walked along lower Main Street, past a restaurant, two pool-rooms, and a barber shop. The barber, glancing out in time to see her passing, nicked the left ear of a customer, and ended by following in the door the two men that were waiting for a shave.

"Ooo-whillikens! See who's here! Wonder where she's goin' to?" breathed one.

"I heard they was wearin' 'em short," sighed the other, "but I wouldn't 've believed it. An' her in summer! What're women comin' to?"

Jessie turned in at the post-office and walked up to the delivery window. Two girls of about her own age were waiting to distribute the mail that had not yet come up from the station.

"Can you tell me, please," began Jessie in her throaty contralto, "where Mrs. Lily Cooper lives?"

And she was thinking, as she asked the question, that maybe some day these two nice-looking girls would be friends of hers. Maybe she'd entertain them in that white Colonial house with the lawn. Maybe—

"What did you say?" demanded the girl behind the window sharply, in a strange voice.

Jessie repeated her question sweetly. Into the girl's eyes a queer expression leaped. She turned and over her shoulder addressed the other girl.

"She wants to know where Mrs. Lily Cooper lives," she said in a strangled voice.

The second girl came to the window.

"Did you say Mrs. Lily Cooper?" Her voice also sounded strangled.

"I did," replied Jessie, somewhat hurtly now, for she did not like the way the two girls were looking at her. Their eyes, narrowed and strangely gleaming, made her say to herself suddenly: "Cats!"

At last one of them spoke. "I'm sure I couldn't tell you," she said coldly. And Jessie turned away. But, as she reached the door, the first girl called after her. "You had better ask at the drug store." And the second girl gave a giggly snort.

Jessie proceeded along Main Street to the drug store. The drug store was cool and dark, with the front awning down. Like all drug stores, it smelt of sponges and iodoform and damp floor behind the soda fountain, and, like all drug stores, it was the headquarters for the Business Men's Leisure Moment Club.

At the moment Jessie appeared in the doorway the B. M. L. M. C. was in after-dinner session. The three stools in front of the soda fountain were occupied by a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant; and the chief of Star Hose No. 1 sat in the window.

"I tell you what it is," he was saying, "them Belgiums are a wonderful little people. Look at the way they—"

Here he stopped; for over the faces

of the three men on the stools a dazed expression had come. The chief turned himself toward the door and beheld Jessie.

Jessie advanced into the store with a self-possession due to several years of earning her own living under the public gaze, and smiled from one to another of the B. M. L. M. club. The doctor tried to look austere, and failed; the lawyer half rose and nervously felt of his tie; the merchant blinked in stolid admiration; and the chief grinned openly.

"Can you tell me," asked Jessie, in the voice that had become slightly stagey with the use it had been put to, "where Mrs. Lily Cooper lives?"

NOBODY answered; but into the four pairs of eyes leaped one expression. It was an expression very difficult to describe. One would say that defensiveness was its principal ingredient. They looked at one another quickly, and looked away.

The chief was the only one that spoke, and he didn't say much.

"Did you say—" he stammered. "Who was it you said—"

"Mrs. Lily Cooper," repeated Jessie.

The doctor looked sardonically over his shoulder at the proprietor of the drug store, the younger of the Jenkins brothers.

"Lonny," said the doctor, "she wants to know where Mrs. Lily Cooper lives."

Lonny came out from behind the soda fountain. His face was one agonized blush; he scratched his head.

"I dunno as I—I know," he said in a pale voice.

The lawyer snorted meaningly.

"Oh, yes, you do, Lonny. You know, if anybody does. You tell the lady where Mrs. Lily Cooper lives."

Lonny walked toward the door, followed by a very perplexed Jessie.

"You go down Main Street two blocks; then you turn to the right, and go along till you come to the Presbyterian Church; then you turn to the left and go up toward the cheese factory. It's the second house on the left after you cross the crick—if you don't fall in."

He added these words in a lower tone; and Jessie, looking at him, observed a slight twitch of his left eye that might have been, in a bolder soul, the beginning of a wink. She turned swiftly, and walked out in bewildered silence.

Her spirit did not recover its buoyancy until she had left Main Street and taken the street past the Presbyterian Church. This was the very street of her dreams. Maple trees made over it a cool green canopy; well trimmed lawns bordered it; prosperous small houses smiled upon it. It was something she had never known—so orderly, so permanent, so peaceful.

Something inside of Jessie soared and sang. She wandered along until all at once it occurred to her that she did not know whether the drug store man had told her to turn to the left or the right. She looked about her for some one to inquire her direction from; and then she saw that on the vine-embowered veranda of the house at her right a lady sat sewing.

With this new friendly and peaceful feeling wrapping her about, Jessie did not hesitate to turn into the front walk that led to the veranda. The lady was a plump, well kept little matron, very, very neat in a piqué skirt and thin shirt-waist. She did not see Jessie until Jessie said:

"Beg your pardon, but I have lost my way, and I thought I'd stop and inquire—"

Then the lady looked up with a start. She winked rapidly, and took in a general impression of Jessie that seemed to bewilder her somewhat.

"Won't you—come up and sit down?" she stammered, before she hardly knew what she was saying. In Kerseyville white fox in summer is unknown, and a gray taffeta dress, beruffled in a very modern old-fashioned way, and revealing above the shoe-tops two inches of pale pink silk stockings, is enough to rob the smuggest matron of self-possession.

"Thank you, I don't care if I do," replied Jessie, smiling radiantly. "Some veranda, this is. What a lovely vine! And what adorable rag rugs! I think this is the prettiest street I have ever seen."

"It is a pretty street," the matron murmured absently.

She had just decided, rightly, that Jessie's shell-pink complexion was not her own, and her eyes were narrowing a little. Poor Jessie did not know it, but in Kerseyville no nice girl ever makes up except at the New Year's ball, and then it is done so feebly and spottily that it deceives no one and is therefore all right. It is only when making up enters the realm of art that it becomes an indication to be suspicious of.

"Did you come in on the five?" asked the matron.

"If that's the twelve-forty, yes." Jessie leaned her head contentedly against the immaculate towel on the back of her chair. "I could stand a good deal of this," she sighed. "It's so green and quiet. Does the president of the bank live on this street?"

The matron was obviously surprised, but she pointed out the bank president's house farther up the street. Jessie was day-dreaming when the lady put her next question:

"Were you looking for his house?"

"Goodness, no!" Jessie gave a start and a laugh. "I am looking for Mrs. Lily Cooper."

For so simple an answer the result was surprising. The plump little matron became perfectly rigid. She clutched the embroidered centerpiece and stood up.

"If you will excuse me, I am busy," she said icily. "I am not certain exactly where Mrs. Cooper lives, but I believe it is somewhere down there."

She swept her arm in a vague gesture, as if toward a horrid limbo she had heard about but never seen. She did not exactly draw her skirts aside, but that was the effect she produced as she retreated behind her chair toward the door.

JESSIE stood up, struck dumb for the second time that afternoon. Thinking rapidly and bewilderedly, but somehow not able to put her thoughts in the shape of a question, she went down the steps with a murmured "Thank you!" And the woman looked at her back with a sort of fascinated curiosity, as one looks at a snake. Jessie did not see the look, but she felt it, and a depressing disquiet began to trouble her little heart.

It was not until she turned out of the prosperous street into one that was not much more than a lane that her disquietude suddenly shaped itself into a terrible thought. She had come to the creek now, and at the thought she leaned hard against the rail, staring down into the shallow water.

"My God!" she whispered. "What if my mother is—*is that* kind of a woman?"

SHE stood there for a long time, thinking. At the other end of the bridge a path led up to a forlorn group of bleak little houses. All of them were empty except the second. Evidently there had been a factory of some sort beyond the creek, and these were the employees' houses, long since deserted. Jessie contemplated this group for a few minutes; then she set her mouth in a straight, hard line, and walked slowly to the second house.

It was a long time after her knock at the door from which the paint was peeling before she heard a hesitating footstep inside. She was trembling now, and she had her hand clenched at her side. The door opened unwillingly. A blank, hard-eyed, weary woman looked out at Jessie. And Jessie looked back at her with fear and a terrible anxiety in her eyes.

"Are you Mrs. Lily Cooper?" she whispered.

The woman nodded.

Jessie made a choking noise in her throat, and leaned forward.

"You are not my mother, are you?"

The woman's dead eyes did not lighten by a single gleam; but a queer smile flickered across her lips and was gone.

"No, I'm not your mother," she said simply. "Who was you looking for?"

"My mother's name is Lily Cooper," Jessie answered faintly, because she felt all at once weak and shaky. Out of the depths of her knowledge of the hard old world she knew now what this woman was; but because of the depth of her knowledge she felt nothing but pity.

"Can I sit down here a minute?"

"Why, yes," the woman hesitated. "But I don't know as I would, if I was you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Jessie, and smiled up at her. "What I want to know is if there's two Mrs. Lily Coopers in this town?"

The woman thought for a moment.

"When I first come here, five or six years ago, there was a woman by my name. I know, because we used to get our mail mixed. But a long time ago she married a farmer, and they're living up Cummin's Crick, I've heard. I guess she must be your mother."

"Yes, I guess that's it," returned Jessie dully.

She had had a bad shock back there on the bridge, and it left her feeling numb and tired. The woman slipped into the house, and came back with a glass of milk and a home-made doughnut.

She sat there quite a while. She and the woman talked a little, in ordinary woman fashion, about cookery, and the weather, and the view from the little porch, and whether Kerseyville was hot in summer. When she got up to go, she put out her hand, and the other woman took it limply.

When she reached the bridge, she turned. The woman was staring after her, one might almost have said, wistfully. Jessie waved her hand, and the woman waved back. And then Jessie walked with a gathering purpose along the lane to the prosperous street.

AS she walked and thought over the events of the afternoon, she grew angrier and angrier. The pretty street no longer looked pretty to her. She remembered her dream of a friendly street, kindly neighbors, and a motherly woman shelling peas on a rose-trimmed porch, and the hot tears welled in her eyes.

"That was punk dope," she thought mournfully. "Never again! Never, never again shall I believe in a dream!"

Then she looked up, and saw that she was opposite the house where lived the plump and tidy matron. The lady herself was on the porch again, rocking and sewing. Jessie marched up the walk. The matron glanced up, and a frightened ex-

Continued on page 19

"You never lifted one finger to stop me. You just believed what you wanted to believe—the worst. Say, do you know what I think of the kind of minds you've got?"

GOOD GRACIOUS GRANDMOTHER!

Alice Lee

HAS [illegible] grandmother in that house? And does she go on about "how different girls were in her time"? Does she write about the fearfulness of your present-day behaviour and the way you carry on your hair with curling irons? And has she really made you feel that twentieth-century girls are the most silly extravagant flighty creatures that ever were? Then you are not in a minority. Grandmothers were not always grandmothers. They grumped over the manners with their nineteen-inch waists and clinging dust-catcher skirts. Also when one of them began, "In the good old days," answer quickly "Yes" and what about the good old cits and the good old gents"? Says a contemporary historian of the matter: "The younger generation can never fully realize what extraordinary exhibitions their quite ancestresses made of themselves during that terrible reign of crinoline. Lady Sale standing up near the fire nearly burned to death in the presence of half a dozen other ladies, who could not assist her on account of their wide-spreading hoops. And thirty young ladies of the fifties paid $200 for a bonnet without a murmur."

Photograph by White Studio

Courtesy of Jessie Belasco

SO much for the grandmother myth of sense and thrift and never never fibbing. Only one thing can be said in behalf of the gay deceivresses. Their grandmothers put the same fraud over on them. Great-great-grandmother told grandmother that "girls were different in her time," and so probably grandmother feels obliged to keep the fairy-tale going. How worried Lord Byron got as upset as 1820 about the thin dresses and fast customs that followed the introduction of the waltz, that dreadful new dance that he wrote an impassioned poem about it. And a Paris group hoped "that the short sleeves originated by ladies with particularly beautiful arms will go, and that next winter will bring along with its rigours that modesty which alone renders a female desirable."

AND he [illegible] back one goes [illegible] mother talks and her mother talked of her "sweet naturalness" of the girls of yester year. This wholesome habit of advice was given to young misses of the forties by an influential journal of the time. "Let the skirt flow in long, full folds as if doth to grace the sweet city waist that expands gradually as if caring to foster the fairy feet." And, "If a lady sport a shaw let it be always sliding off or being drawn on, thus producing grace of action." At the same safe and sane period a poet felt constrained to remonstrate with the grandmothers thus

> Be wise to-day, 'tis madness, not merit
> To dress for conquest and flirting with all
> You never whatever your fortune or station,
> Appear half so fair as you really are.
> As when with modest thoughts not ajar
> You sit playing the needle with exquisite art.

And an English visitor in Washington at that time nearly had heart failure watching "three mad American girls (1830) skip over the snow on their sleighs, with their poor little toes pinched into miniature slippers, no cap, low and chin to ear ride so much as a drop of moisture."

Photograph by White Studio

PAINLESS

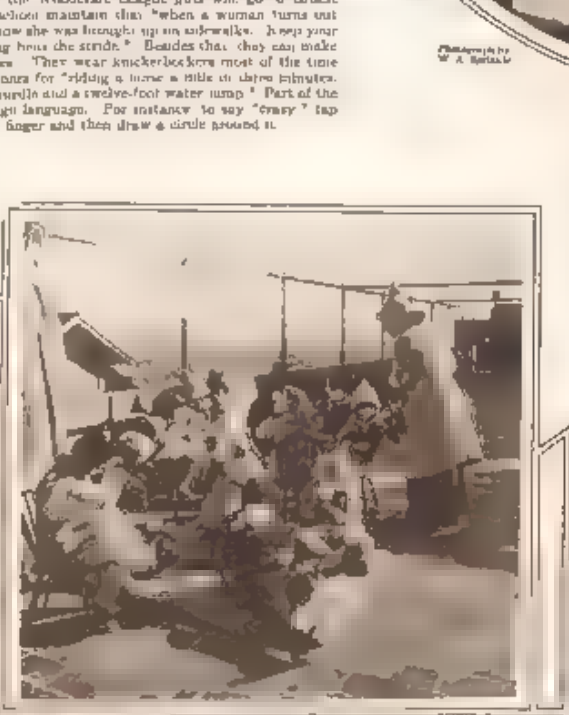
Photograph by Brown Brothers.

Photograph by W. A. Bartsch

OUR teacher used to say "Turn out your toes and mind your p's and q's." Now the Woodcraft League puts him, go a Ernest Thompson Seton, a school maintain that "when a woman turns out her toes you may know she was brought up on sidewalks. Keep your feet straight — a long basis the stride." Besides that, they can make fires without matches. They wear knickerbockers most of the time and they receive honors for "riding a horse a mile in three minutes, clearing a five-foot hurdle and a twelve-foot water jump." Part of the curriculum is the sign language. For instance to say "crazy" tap forehead with index finger and then draw a circle around it.

"RESPONSIBILITY work in which every one takes part," says Robert B. Buchanan, of the Stony Ford School. "No rewards or punishments. The child always receives the consequence of his deed." If the child whose job it is to bring in the milk every morning doesn't bring it on account of the pillow-fight ar-

Yates here just ran any risk. And, somewhere before the school has finished, a oatmeal porridge the milk-boy knows something about. Nowadays, in he procure the children are working at the spring garden with a will, realizing that a winter without good baked potatoes would be a cheerless thing.



© Brown Brothers

"KEEP out the poisonous night air," our teacher in the little red schoolhouse used to say the first thing in the morning as she stuffed slate-sponges in the cracked window. Nowadays children run all over suits of wool study and play on the roof of a tall building where the winds from the northeast whip he red blood into their cheeks. The teacher is a benevolent person who brings up bread and butter and jam and a caldron of hot chicken broth in the middle of the morning.

THIS is the kind of school we and Mark Twain and Ulysses S. Grant and the rest of the great Americans went to. We had to walk one mile with high on snow, carrying pie and cream in a lunch-pail. We learned that George Washington couldn't tell a lie and every Memorial Day we recited "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary" with gestures. Modern educators say that to make a little growing child sit still all day "is nothing less than stultifying." But how we used to slide down hill on those big geographies!

© Brown Brothers.

FIFTEEN years ago Miss Mary L. Read in the New York slums, and in to come and study housekeeping desk designs for the simple furn made beds and clean sheets, wash fruit and learned how to save keeping schools have spread in a perhaps unscientific," says Miss R he sweet orderly homes of some I believe we started right."

THE ones are seeing what neighborhood rendering "The Three Bears." Mary L. Read of the New York S rented a pleasant house and filled it of any seven, maintaining their the most advanced case. Girls w rob of being mothers, mothers lea study. A graduate of this school safety-pin the baby is crying about

EDUCATION

FREEDOM of movement and appreciation of rhythm is more valuable to a child than a painful understanding of the adjective case, say the backers of natural dancing. These children are trained through their dancing. They live an fruit and nuts, and learn history and literature when it is too hot to dance. If your muscles and mind are so well controlled that you can move your arms in three-eighths time and leap in four-time time," says their rhythmic teacher "it will be easy for you to concentrate on logarithms."

© Brown Brothers

...ridge rented a four-room flat ...ated thirteen little tenement girls ... They cleaned and painted and ...ture discovered the value of well ...ed windows the right way opened ...ed and beat Now these houses ...were of course. "Everything was ...ridge. "but when I look into ...of these girls, now married women.

...the young idea" are shake to ...learn to do by doing," said Miss ...ches of Montessori. Then she ...with children, not a few months ...learn a that they would receive ...to subtract or shake an intelligent ...ers, and teachers came there to ...never diagnosed colic when it is a ...

We gladly donate his picture as a frontispiece to the art hue of the next book on the American drama. It is a scene from an original play entitled "The Wind and the Trombleweed," conceived and produced by the teen actors in the picture. Children in the public schools of Gary, Indiana, are allowed to give their own original plays in the school auditorium. In this will Octavia Smith (left) gave a breezy interpretation of Wind, while her brother Woodrow played the more exacting part of Tumbleweed. Two other successes of the month were "The Rent Collector" and "Why We Should Keep the Streets Clean."

IN the Gary public schools of which William Wirt is superintendent you go to school day and evening, Saturday and Sunday. Please you learn the necessary three R's. Then you go in swimming, you play the seventh-grade baseball team, you do a necessary bit of plumbing, you help work on the new tennis-court, you feed the menagerie of raccoons and rabbits, or you give a play in the auditorium, lest you shrivel up yourself. "Every child is a natural scientist," says Mr. Wirt.

IN the House of Children (Margaret Naumburg's Montessori school in New York) one sees some of the pupils intent at little tables while their playmates are making letters on the blackboard, while in the corner a pair find the notes of a song that one of them has just composed. Later the whole group set the tables for milk and crackers, and then neatly clear up in order that they may dance. Finally they button on their own wraps and set their nurses or parents safely home. How can these wonders be? "At home the child was up the world of his parents," said the teacher. "Here he is in a world of his own."

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CITY-MADE FARMERS

Photograph from Ida W. Perry

HENRY I. NEWELL lived in Brooklyn for thirty-six years, and simply had to have some excitement. He found it in Lanesboro, Massachusetts, where he now raises all the best crops, including four regular boys. When you have listened to the music of the katy-dids for a few nights, says Mr. Newell, you don't care if a barrel-gurdy never plays under your parlor window again as long as you live.

Photograph from Charles M. Stewart.

DR. R. L. BIENT of Philadelphia one day grew weary of the eternal feminine plaint. "I don't know what's the matter with me, doctor. I just don't have any energy at all." "Away from the quickening girls," he said to himself, and straightway sold all his goods and bought 350 acres of Pennsylvania farmland. On this he has already raised the following crops: electric lights and running water, seven-cou... six-cylinder automobile. Please send sample of the soil for analysis, Doctor.

"Once it... the garden... soon," said Tennyson, who probably never weeded onions or ate dr... And many a good man and true has shed the silver. Among others, Eugene A. Kreider, who for years labored as an accountant in the city but took leave suddenly. Perceiving instead of adding rows of figures, Mr. Kreider is also engaged in solving the following mathematical problem, viz.: Why does a woman wearing a Mother Hubbard look like a Hubbard squash?

SQUARE TOM REED was entertaining a group of friends at luncheon on his Maine farm one day. At his elbow were two bottles. One contained milk and the other champagne. "Which will you have?" asked Tom of his friends. "They cost him just the same." Tom was an agriculturist. Charles Putney Se (above) is a real farmer. "I got tired of handling so many men and so much money in the city," he says, "and so I came out here." We can understand the part about being tired of handling so many men, but tired of handling money. Probably our hands are extra strong: we can carry home our whole pay in one hand and not get tired—not very tired.

IF he were to take the notion, E. A. Floyd could leave his farm and go back to the Floyd Building in Harrisburg, and ride up and down all day in his own elevators without it costing him a cent. But all his city real estate has no attractions for him compared with his orchards and cereal acres and fragrant meadows. We go out in the country for a walk every single May now-a-days, but never yet have seen any Maud Mullers as good as those on Forty-second Street.

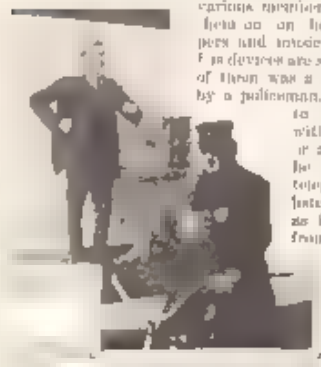
"I HAVE always had a hankering to be a farmer. I'm green as it's very green," says Wallace T. Collins, who left the city for the farm. "But, now that I have a chance, I'm going to prove myself a real farmer or bust my suspenders trying." We wish Mr. Collins every luck. We know he must succeed in being a farmer because he simply can't bust his suspenders trying. As the picture proves, he hasn't now to.

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

WHISPERS VIA WIRELESS

ALMOST under the [illegible] of the Los Angeles [illegible] sound [illegible] of all Los Angeles [illegible] less operators [illegible] year-old boy has demonstrated [illegible] wonders to the [illegible] astonished group of [illegible] Angeles [illegible] from the antennæ of the big transmitting [illegible] heard [illegible] with electricity [illegible] institution [illegible] his city the president of the telephone [illegible] and others always [illegible] talk of any [illegible]



Nathaniel Hanson, one of the most brilliant young engineers of the world. His apparatus is light enough to be used by a bicycle policeman

various members of the party and soon [illegible] on the street to listen to whispers and music from within the house. Receivers are so light and small that each of them was a set[illegible] by a policeman, and the latter was able to keep in constant touch with the laboratory. Thus a thousand receivers can be attached to his wireless telephone, so that [illegible] interior hears as distinctly as if he were in the room from which the sounds originate. When the listeners are all in one room, it is possible for the sounds to be received [illegible] which enables all the occupants to hear any sound received. The only explanation that Hanson has [illegible] garding his remarkable [illegible] deeds is that he uses [illegible] wireless waves in a [illegible] with electricity [illegible] but rarely has this been [illegible] by other wireless stations using [illegible] the greatest drawback to wireless [illegible] and telegraphy has always been that the air is open [illegible] and [illegible] is usually [illegible]

WHY COAL GOES UP

As you stand in the little mining town of Summit Hill, Pennsylvania, just after dusk, looking up the mountainside, do not cry "fire" and run in an alarm. The natives know all about that fire. It has been burning for more [illegible] half a century and the local department has absolutely given up hope of ever [illegible] it. Patches on the mountainside glow in [illegible] from crevices. The whole interior of the hill seems to be alive. In reality it is only a vein of coal that is slowly being consumed. As the fire progresses the side of the hill caves in to the depth of the vein.

Every device that Summit Hill knows of has been tried in the effort to put out the fire, and water has been pumped into the mine almost continuously for sixty-eight years. If you have a solution of the problem, run up to see the fire-chief. The price of coal is still going up.

GROW SPONGES IN YOUR GARDEN

UNLESS you have a tropical salt-water garden you can not grow the ordinary bathing sponges, such as those for sale at the corner drug-store; but if you would be satisfied with a vegetable sponge that will do everything an animal sponge can do, grow them yourself. A vegetable sponge can be grown as easily in the United States as a pumpkin or a gourd—in fact it is the interior of a certain type of gourd which grows on the luffa plant.

The luffa plant requires a long, hot summer but can be started [illegible] early in the spring and [illegible] beautiful vine and a decorative [illegible] garden out, best of all [illegible] money in the gourds. An Ohio [illegible] sold more than a thousand [illegible] from her vines last summer [illegible] her town for the [illegible] office. She [illegible] for dish-rags, scrubbing-brushes, [illegible] ordinary purposes of a sponge [illegible]

[illegible] may be lifted [illegible] a roof to dry and [illegible] hen forms a hard [illegible] animal sponge [illegible] it water it swells up, and becomes soft without [illegible] roughness. It feels to the touch [illegible] a coarse Turkish towel.

Experiment with a vine one summer—the seed dealer will answer your calls for luffa seed.

WHERE MOSQUITOES ARE APPRECIATED

THE mosquitoes that live a [illegible] shores of Lake Nyassa in Africa [illegible] numerous and so large that [illegible] [illegible] bites of it [illegible] [illegible] place especially when it [illegible] there the native inhabitants [illegible] assert that one of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to the marshes with large sacks on their shoulders, into which they toss handfuls of mosquitoes. These are then pressed into cakes which [illegible] and one of them will bring many beads and potatoes in the open market.

Mosquitoes are very fond of cakes made from the eggs of the "water boatmen." Flies, wasps, and locusts are to be found in some savage districts. Epicures of some regions are fond of white ants, but grubs, dragon-flies, and moths—this is a territory where the chocolate-cream would be considered mean.

THRIFTY HOUSEWIVES PLEASE NOTE

THE high price of sisal, the fibers from Yucatan which has been monopolized by Governor Alvarado, boosting the price of heavy [illegible] Hot on the trail of the Governor's shrewd [illegible] has knowing it, is the [illegible] Laboratory [illegible] They [illegible] making twine out of paper out there on the thousand shores of Lake Michigan. To make twine from paper [illegible] narrow strips and twist them [illegible] as tightly as possible without tearing them. The resulting string is quite usable.

Several hundred packages, each containing a medium-sized book, were sent with paper twine. In each case, [illegible] ing to reports, no damage to the book occurred because of failure of the twine. The greatest difficulty and one that is not yet overcome by the experimenters is the fact that paper is soluble, and hence the new twine can not be used where it would be exposed [illegible] the action of water.

SALT KILLS TOOTH-BRUSH GERMS

THE most convenient method for sterilizing tooth-brushes as well as [illegible] other household germicide [illegible] After years of effort on the [illegible] of dental conference [illegible] technicians, the American [illegible] has cultivated the tooth-brush habit. Teeth can not be kept clean without its use. But, unfortunately, the brush can not be kept clean without some attention also. The campaign begins:

After the gums and teeth have been [illegible] thoroughly brushed, sufficient salt is placed [illegible] water tap. Salt is then sprinkled on the brush and it is hung up to dry. It penetrates to the center of the tufts of bristles and sterilizes them as well as toughens them.

The next time the brush is used it will be sterile and [illegible] which may be shaken off.

GUSHERS IN THE SURF

B[illegible] land. In California, the most popular [illegible] in the sand [illegible] pile-drivers taking refuge on the sandy shores. Some time ago a bather investi[illegible] rillers from breaking a [illegible] daily would [illegible] [illegible] look of [illegible] his man was in the back wash with a drilling outfit which he had [illegible] so that it would not be [illegible] away by strong tides and storms.

Beneath the surface sand he found a strata of oil-bearing sand that was rich in crude petroleum, and wells sprang up all through the surf as far as the vein extended. Undoubtedly the ocean bottom is rich in everything that man covets, and this is the only case on record in

The oil-seekers have invaded the ocean sands at Summerland, California, where superstructures like this surf like huge pile drivers. Man will go to sea for anything.

which mineral products have been [illegible] treated from the sea. When we learn how to push back the waves another story may be told and another race of millionaires, sea-born, may spring to [illegible]

SHORT AND INTERESTING

THERE is no lead in a lead-p[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] speak of lead [illegible] depends upon the wood, [illegible] and the quality of the clay and [illegible]

THE Forest Products Laboratory of the Department of Agriculture has made a thing of the [illegible] orange wood in the United States to supply the needs of American dye manufacturers, who use the wood a dyer new importance, for a long time to come.

IT has been discovered that military reconnaissance by an aviator is most easily carried on when the aviator dictates his news into a phonograph and tosses the record earthward to the waiting officers at headquarters.

THAT beauty is spreading in the United States is shown by the latest govern[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the fastest growing enterprises in the country. Four million dollars' worth of talcum powder was used last year. The [illegible] spent fifty millions on [illegible] total

The Sport of Kings

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Illustrations by J. J. Keller

By the grace of God [illegible] against one had gone [illegible] use the phrase "grace of God" thoughtfully and with [illegible] sincere. Surely the grace of God it had been [illegible] In the act that had saved me from ruin—[illegible] action of his all my emotion. All my plans had surely conspired for [illegible] not been for [illegible]

[illegible] him as we sat in my [illegible] by Jerry and I. We [illegible] and Vanzandt would [illegible] your ma. You've paris ally [illegible] half of [illegible]

[illegible] Mr Kernan. Know the I've lost my position beah use to take money fuh drink, whar a gentleman should do [illegible] his head.

[illegible] sah I "you knew that ther [illegible] nite. You though [illegible] I. You warned me [illegible] fuh. You [illegible] And can not permit any hahm to [illegible]

"Your daughter."

He winced at that. [illegible] [illegible] were an eager [illegible] I had [illegible] with him.

[illegible] I said to him. "drop [illegible] happened. You [illegible] proud of yourself for. When the test came you did the square thing [illegible]

[illegible] yelp. Mr Kernan, he said. "I don't know just what [illegible] out. I'm almost sch [illegible]

"Mother Shaw's fund is ardu[illegible] enough [illegible] Thear [illegible]

WHATEVER it was [illegible] would be called from Jerry [illegible] I do not know. Then came a [illegible] he drew. Jerry opened it. A [illegible]

[illegible] ral gemman, sah," he said, "wan[illegible] see you, Mr. Kernan, sah." Mr. B[illegible] and Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] looked at my two companions.

"If they intend starting anything, would better happen in the lobby, where every one can see it," I said. "Come on downstairs."

A group of men stood at the [illegible] desk. Bob and Kendrick were [illegible] and others whom I recognized [illegible] called in the ownership [illegible]

[illegible] you know that "interrupted [illegible]

I do. Clinton backed. Smiling Sir [illegible] with the understanding that [illegible] no great rooms would know what horse [illegible] me to lose—certain.

I thought what [illegible] when he picked you. [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Kernan, you're the winner of the Manhasset! The best horse on the track—Fiorendiro!"

[illegible]

"[illegible] will [illegible] to make [illegible] than any more [illegible] already enriched. Murder will out. You gang of high-[illegible] Racing will [illegible] safe [illegible]"

"Well, Jerry, and you C[illegible] a little drink."

"[illegible] wishes [illegible] see you in the parlor, Mr. Kernan," [illegible] said a boy.

[illegible] asked Jerry and the Colonel to excuse me, and followed [illegible] to the drawing-room, where Miss Leland [illegible] for me.

If I had been inclined to feel at all miffed, my conceit would have vanished before her sad eyes. For they were sad, and red with lately shed tears.

"My dear Miss Leland," I [illegible]

"[illegible] understand that the evening paper [illegible] about Mr. Cla[illegible]

[illegible] Clarke just left me," said the [illegible] got a telegram from Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]," I said, to spare her [illegible] for blaming you [illegible] a thief. [illegible]—well, [illegible] sister. [illegible] "But Lucille [illegible] wanted to [illegible]

[illegible] she told me. "You [illegible] Mrs. Clarke is [illegible] New York to-night. She seemed [illegible] but racing is business and that [illegible] she would [illegible]

[illegible] dollar to pay the Classon [illegible] not enough money to pay a small percentage of the accounts intrusted to his keeping, barely enough to bury him [illegible]"

She paused.

"Well?" I prompted her.

"Mr. Classon was custodian of all my father left me [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible]"

She stopped short.

"Why, Mr. Kernan, you look pleased!"

SHE told the truth. Why? But [illegible] a poor girl the question the [illegible] cares to put to a girl of wealth.

"Pleased?" I stammered. "Why—why, Miss Leland—I—"

"Aren't you sorry that I'm to be poor?" she asked.

"Poor [illegible]

"But I haven't enough money to afford a trainer. I'll have to sell Vivandière [illegible]

[illegible] partner?" I asked.

"Partner?" she echoed.

"I've nine thousand dollars of my own money," I said. "I'll pay you that much for a half-ownership in Vivandière."

"The mare wouldn't bring more than that at auction," she protested.

"People don't realize how good she is," said I. "But I do; I know. Will you [illegible] me as partner?" With her money we can last through until the season [illegible] has lots left over up North. Then we'll win enough [illegible]"

"You really want to give me your [illegible]

[illegible] ant to buy something from you [illegible]

[illegible] risk your life for my [illegible]

[illegible] not ask you to acquire a [illegible] by purchase. Here [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Leland—Roberta—I'm just a [illegible] do y[illegible]

She lifted tear-wet eyes to mine.

"[illegible] so clever with horses, Sam Kernan," she said, "you are awfully dull with women."

I looked at her. Then I looked behind me. A clump of potted p[illegible] prying eyes. Then I kissed her.

BEAUMONT. Velvet lawns, prancing thoroughbreds, stands riotous with the colors of the rainbow. Ten thousand beautiful women, and the loveliest of them at my side. My wife!

The barrier lifted. The Manhattan was being run, for a purse of twenty [illegible] dollars and the [illegible]

[illegible] thousand [illegible] I [illegible] a small [illegible]

[illegible] covered.

"She'll be first soon enough," boomed the heavy voice of old Sam Ben[illegible] came to [illegible] I got for my money [illegible]

[illegible] For the love of Mike, why [illegible]

"I didn't want her to," said my wife. "Sam, where are they now?"

"Lady wife," I said, "you know [illegible] game! Here!" [illegible] thrust the [illegible] her hands. "Report to me. I like your voice."

"Rounding the second turn [illegible] dière's dropped back. Oh, the beams that weigh is too much! [illegible] and Marigold is only carrying one-twelve [illegible]

[illegible] commented Jenton.

"She's back to sixth. What's the matter, Sam? What's wrong with her?"

"It's a mile and three-eighths, dear," I replied. "This race will be won at the wire. Where are they now?"

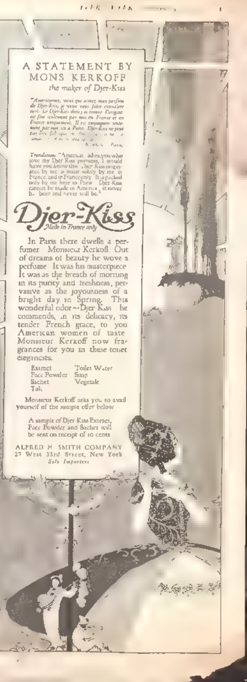
"At the third turn. Vivandière—Sam, she's creeping up! She's fifth [illegible] they're at the last turn—they're in the stretch [illegible] Sam [illegible] ride! Murphy's giving her [illegible]"

[illegible] the glasses back [illegible]

[illegible] to the shoulders of Marig[illegible] He tried [illegible] shake her off, she would not be denied! [illegible] She was by him! She was at the neck of [illegible] filly of the year and best [illegible] track to-day, as wiseacres said. A [illegible] yards from the wire Vivandière caught her.

Side by side, neck and neck, they spurned the earth in the final dash for the wire. Thirty thousand voices cried encouragement. "Marigold! Marigold!" "Vivandière! Vivandière!"

But the blood of Lexington told [illegible] the blood of mighty Lexington could not be denied. By an eyelash, perhaps! [illegible] Vivandière raced off



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side. My wife turned
me aside like trees in
a tornado dear." I said. "Why

A vaudeville
We met in the and cried
Well drive past every one has known
much our way out to the market
we where stood.
Do the hoss" I told the chauffeur as
I pocketed my wife arm to me ear. I turned
as a sharp mind we jebed at my sleeve.
It was he. Re ernest Vanleer
broke come unawes from elsewhere
sels. he said. "I just wanted to wish you
luck as much of it sels.
"Well, you duck scampered. I snapped
to speak, o us after
leaving us on the bench the way
as writer at Vaudeville?"
"Love Mistch Ke nan," he grunted
"You ain't mad at Youth knows w
ou is upon Dame get as flopes
I turn en to ev ion heard no an I
son got a Jersey sch" he said.
Wo he d wanted to hear
prevented him from doing
h in a room
such to move h him " I said to
wife as we rolled aw
ning h ht po

I turn ass
ion a with ness
Carteret Dame
to-day?"
"Dame" No'
I saw him as we entered the track
o unkempt and

"Don't you? Sake it's the certain I hate! It's ruining racing, an ? Isn't it common talk that the new candidate for Governor will make his campaign the race-track issue? And that he'll b

"WELL, Sale when racing ends and it will ends it will mean to be until it can be cured of the betting evil what hen
W I don't know," I answered. "I suppose we'll take the stable to England, or "
"Chased from other to race
be only Sake don't despair
ing. A few dollars for fun that's all right. But bookmaking—no! I've seen to what it lead. Look at Carteret Dame
bank of Mr C who killed himself
because of his bi
nesses down another
evil. They say that racing can't exis
t Then, Sale if it can't racing
die'
ared at me "This a heresy Bob
I was knew
bank of an he

gambler ran s her he Lebanon
to and an gambler in
Well here was a reason I
hosts
owner of a string of horse
was Sale, your in her raced for
ne at first When he ceased re
e pleasure he gambling her racing
He bet on horses, then on stocks
ruin. Colonel Ba mas ce ceased
he was ruined M

betting was indifferent to him. He was not ruined not the fortune he left one who lost by a man who gambled. Sale, a hate it! I want you to quit racing

it was right that a vaudeville should be at on her chance it was rich but
suicide came back into the world from which you had been driven and win a great triumph. It was right for us to take a purse we'd honestly won. But above all that right looms the figure of wrong the figure of the betting evil. Sale, a want you to quit racing is redeemed!"

I LOOKED at her
proportion of
voice. Right! I never set it because
all he says of the betting grass
The is to open a hound to a
stamps, he sees the
Racing without bet
ng

Later perhaps
I found what I said
always known he fact the without
racing here would be no race gambling
sport of kings has become the
of the money-lust. And he man who
would surely be elected Governor would
stop it for a time at least. I stared
to my wife.
Your word is law my dear I said.
What would you have me do?"
ding to-day a purse
said dollars, my stake
will fetch thirty more
Farm advertised for sale
the *Breeder's Guide* the other day. Fifty
mares was he price asked. We could
buy it and have enough left to stock
it with horses not racers only but
cavalry horses. They're raising them in
Vermont why, not in Kentucky. Sale
There'll be no feverish excitement, hope'd
no peace, calm, content certainty. Sale
said you would you."
And if all is ending is killed, a is re
vived again, and the evil of betting is
them, dear of Vivandière or her

Kernan's First
answer me in
A wave has I
by parch
and

d he
of New York if you think the millions of a Kentucky farm will not get on your nerves."
"Sale Kernan, you stop talking that way," said my wife. "As if I could ever be still with you"
In our rooms at the he d I rug out of y trunk some old pictures of Kernan a
a We were looking at the
later when Sam Bi
colonel.
Well what does this mean" Run away from all the glory and applause—
"We've run away for good Sam" I told him. "Mrs. Kernan has begun to sense the fact that racing to-day is built upon a rotten foundation the seas must falter and fall We're through.
"You mean Vivandière
t race again until racing

you may transpired for her"
Write the check now shouted Sam
I shook my head
"She's not for sale. Some day when racing comes back, Sam you'll have the privilege of watching her run But not now
"Come crazy" he snapped
"Become sane" said I "Sam, all my folks spent their lives raising thoroughb

I am going back to Kentucky and having a
for a Kentucky to admire ha

he knew he had a with us. Sam stared at us
"Sale said he. "For a mule a vanished jay that I threw away a chance to win a fortune with he best racehorse in training" say for a model about eleven, you sure have brains" Or
wife has
but the final writing is on the wall, and
ere was read it
He rose and walked to the telephone
"May I?" he asked
"Certainly" said I
Re spoke to the clerk downstairs "Send up a bottle of the ninety-three" he ordered

THE waiter that brought the champagne brought also a telegram from Colonel Buckman who was now upon a tour with his daughter in Lexington, in house that he has bought with part of he sum Bolander had given him and forming a comfortable winter as militaire patronize to an academic
"A hail the gallant Vivandière. selections ended
ight ending to us to and lift ing his high He bowed

all I knew at
when the ship
docking stopped.
cried were you to like a first sight
Sale lady. Mrs. Kernan, when

in the squadron, officers of
of the lady that has redeemed the Lebanon and the Kernan fortunes.
so far as one might the of the lady that knows no fear the Battle lady but always gives the best that is in her: rise to the lady whose stately courageous, with-ste die-hyde honesty should shame be crooks that fatten up the racing ring the little lady who's the best racehorse
transit! Mrs. Kernan, gentlemen, I give you the winner of the 5 auburnian
"The best races
Vivandière"

This is Arthur Somers Roche
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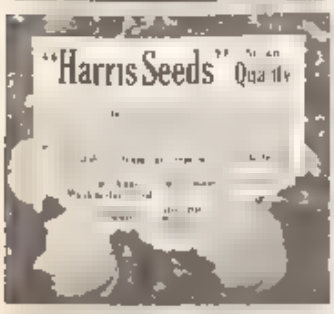

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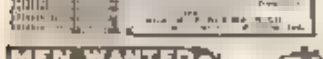

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Potatoes (new), 100-lb. bag	1 00	2 50	3 00	
Onions, Long Island, per bu. or sack	3 00	4 00	5 00	
Spinach, per bbl.	75	1 50	00	
Turnips (white), per bu.	1 00	1 25	1 7	

Jessie Passes

Continued from page 10

presently replaced the bland vacancy in her face. She half rose.

"I've got up," said Jessie crisply. "I'm only afraid I've got to say

a she is the friendliest and most devout woman I've seen in this town for some a warmest and against sitting on her

a the plump d her mouth feebly but a place a cus-

you just take it for gran the goods. You probably never done y a real work in your midle- ught care of yours- a is on if you was would have to do it. But you sit up there on your veranda

and an excuse for her—and that's more than you've been able to do in all your silly life for any human being that wasn't just like you and the other women in this street. This street!" Jessie made a wide and contemptuous gesture. "Why I wouldn't live on this street if you'd give it to me. I'm too human."

With that she turned on her heel with a swish of her taffeta skirts, and walked rapidly away.

Her dream was shattered, but there still remained to Jessie the joy of telling Kerseyville exactly what she thought of it. She clicked her heels rapidly toward Lake drug store.

The B. M. L. M. Club was still in session, with the addition of one or two others

a heard about Jessie. In fact, the subject of Jessie had been discussed in all its aspects exhaustively, and the club

ed ling the Balkan situation, when Jessie burst upon the scene.

Stepping grac- she swept the group with her quick dark eyes. One by one she picked out the four she were be-

a told me he was to Mrs. Lily Cooper's an hour ago. Well, I found her. And say, believe me, when I found as I got the number of four men in dis g hat he counter there. She the Cooper I was looking for out there wasn't one of you stopped to think

girlhood kind. She

super ors of life by on the other hand she had gained certain weapons that her fashion product knows nothing of

she had a certain work of human na ure especially n feminine nature. And she had a glimpse a subsidiary, acquired during ten defensive years on Broadway

I now to be house. W

al and moral equipment of their sex in and business standing in the world, if th told I to and fiercely persecu- a n thought as Cooper

n trial

there outside an word. The faces of the four who directly addressed were varying shades of purple from astonishment and embarrassment.

"I came here to find my mother

"a hough it would be p live in a quiet decent little town and have dozen friendly people for neighbors. But I wouldn't live here now if you'd give me the place

like the weeks a

JESSIE paused and looked out at the commotion street. The butcher's dog to exchange languid greetings with another dog a woman came out of the ten-cent store with a arms and a troop of li girls met a hapless

she returned

her own

ce walked out

hanged behind her and a group stared blinked, and n other's eyes. But in the ey the daughter and the stepping and the remarks. Just what richest thing that ever happen you hea

a bins of hollowware, a trifle of fussing.

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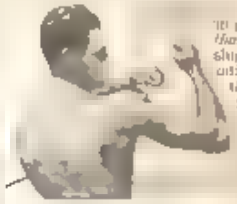
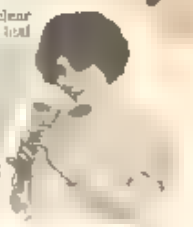


to give you just them. Sure the sluggish circulation and gives the glow of perfect

—and Beauty

Beauty too! A clear skin of satin rose leaf



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BIG MONEY QUICK

that an ear as keen as Jessie's would have caught.

But Jessie was now walking briskly toward the post-office. Both of the post-office girls came to the delivery window

here. If you ever come to the ... I wish you would look in ... Andert' you know. I would

... ran her eyes over the unpleasing exterior adornment of the ... in front of her.

I see you got your ... has made here ... of course one d... one's best in a ...

... when you ... really not be ... had looking if you know how to dress.

But of course in such a little village Heavens! ... She rushes on ... walk, she sped toward ... awful fear grew in her heart that she might miss this train. At at once home-sickness seized her. She thought of the

... in which she got ...

Bobby—good, honest old Bobby, who ... by an enthusiastic porter. She turned ... the train pulled out and waved her ha... which four men stood gazing at the de...

"I don't bear 'em no grudge," she ... though happily. "They have to live here; an' I'm going home."

The Other Brown

Continued from page

... apparently headed for ... east side of town.

stopped

... s ideally. Anyhow, he had the license number of the Mexican's cab, and it would be a simple matter to locate ... later and find out from the driver where he had gone. In the meantime he decided to find out what he could of the ... tenants of the house at which Gil had called.

RETURNING to Central Park West ... he met a policeman, a big, genial

... people living

... her name would smell the same as the

Tim's blank gaze brought another ... now if I knew the name ... thinkin' I could ... made me diamond for-

... the same question, and that's the truth ... house a week ago

... with the old man and had a good squint a

... as at the ... Ireland.

... the one man had nothing more ... impart, Tim presently said ... to him and walked on toward ... And as he did so ... occurred ... it was in that very block that Dozy Cullop lived with his uncle. And Dozy had a sharp eye for a pretty face. With the thought Tim quickened his pace.

"You're wanted at the telephone, Mr. ..."

... and glared at ...

"Hello, Kandle, what's up?"

"Plenty ... The ... ing to Indiana ... the speakers. ... Besides yesterday and carried ... he chased ... after him ... and got him! Say, you missed some

"My luck," groaned Dozy. "And all for a fool wedding."

"I called up to tell you that you want

"Sure. Dead easy. Call ... through their house ... And hurry up. It's

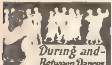
Dozy hung up the receiver and dashed

back the shade, he looked down into the street. A ... a house just ... eye. Watching ...

He ran back ... hooked the ... and hung

... v of the ... name of Harris ... be in the home ... or may be the fifth. I ... Dey and very fine family

But Dozy was already tearing through the H's in the telephone book. The Har... he finally located ... He called ... and flushed into her breathless plea she said she would speak to Mrs. Harris.



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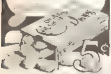

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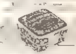

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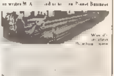

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THE MONO X-RAY

All contributions to this magazine should be addressed to
THE EDITOR
EVERY WEEK
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ONE of the regular contributors to this magazine whom we value most is Burton J. Hendrick. Few writers go deeper for their facts than he; few have the power of compressing so much real information in a little space.

Next week we publish an article by him which we have called "Ivan the Gaulish." It is a fascinating story of the rise of the Gaulish to power, their decline, and final elimination as important factors in the railway world.

There followed a minute's wait; then another woman's voice spoke to him, inquiring in an astonished tone just what it was he wanted. When, however, he had repeated his request and explained its urgency, she acceded to it graciously.

"What is it you wish to sense?" she asked. "At once? . . . Very well; I'll have one of the servants go right up and open the trap for you. Oh, not at all. I'm very glad to help you out of your predicament." And she laughed.

Thanking her gratefully, Doxy hung up, rushed back to his room for his overcoat and hat, and was already half way up the steps to the roof when it occurred to him that he had not asked Mrs. Harris just where her house stood in the block. He would have to count up till he got to the number. He appealed to Mose, who stood waiting to lock the trap.

"Yas, sah; it ain't de fo'th it's de fifth, and it ain't de fifth it's de fo'th."

"All right. The trap will be unlocked—I can tell it that way," said Doxy. "Good night."

IT WAS a cold night, one of those tag-ends of winter that often outlast April in New York, and it was dark, with neither moon nor stars; but the lights in the higher buildings in the next block shed a faint illumination on his path. Fortunately, there were no higher buildings in this block. He had a clear way, with no barriers except an occasional low wall.

As he neared the end of the row of houses, Doxy stopped and counted. He had reached the sixth from the corner, so his goal was either the next or the one after that. Ah, it was the next! Even in the dim light he could see that the trap-door was not only unlocked but stood open for him. He hurried over to it and looked down, half expecting to find some one waiting below to receive him. But there was no one; there was not even a light. No doubt the opening to the roof was through a closet with no light fixture.

He began the descent, which was down a steep, ladder-like stair, and when he had gone far enough he closed the trap and bolted it. With the outdoor light shut off, he was now in total darkness.

At the foot of the steps he stopped, and felt in his clothes for matches. Of course he had none! There was nothing to do but feel for the door. It was a dusty task, but he presently located it and let himself into the hall; then, closing the door behind him, he looked about.

A light rose dimly from somewhere below, probably from the street floor three flights down, for it was barely enough for him to see his way to the top of the stairs. Arrived there, he looked down. The hall below seemed as dark as this one.

He was on the point of calling out to announce himself,—for it was extremely unpleasant to be groping his way through a strange house like a burglar,—but he reflected that the family must all be on the parlor floor, and there was no need to give them any further trouble on his account. Descending to the floor below, he found all the doors closed as above; but here through the key-hole of one a light showed, and as he passed this door he walked as heavily as possible, hoping to be heard by somebody. He even waited for a moment or two at the top of the next flight of stairs; but no one appeared.

Impatient, he ran down these steps and hurried through the second-floor hall. Here two doors stood open; but the rooms were dark, and without stopping again he went on to the floor below, which he could see was lighted. He gave no thought to whether he went quietly or not, but the thick stair carpet deadened the sound of his steps. At any rate, no one seemed to hear him, for he found himself still alone when he reached the bottom and stood under the lighted chandelier near the front door.

The hall was merely a narrow passage, such as is found in many New York houses. Below the stairs he had just descended was another flight leading to the basement, and at the head of these stairs was a door, closed now, opening into what was no doubt the dining-room, as in his uncle's house. Opening from the hall in front were the double doors of the parlor.

One of these, he saw as he turned in that direction, was partly open, but not far enough for him to see into the room. He could, however, see that there was a light there, and after a moment's hesitation he stepped to the door and rapped gently. There was no answer. Then, raising his hand to knock again more loudly, on a sudden impulse he pushed the door back instead and looked in. Several gas-jets were ablaze in the ornate chandelier, and one glance down the long, stiffly furnished room sufficed to tell him that there was no one there. The room was empty and the double doors leading to the dining-room were closed.

Retreating to the hall, he stood there, at a loss. Eager and impatient to get away, he had only to open the front door and walk out. But he could not think of leaving like that, without a word of thanks. Possibly the family had been on the point of going out when he called up, and instructions about him had been given to a servant who had forgotten them. Still, there had hardly been time to forget—he had started almost immediately after telephoning. Besides, somebody had opened that trap-door for him.

Puzzled, he waited. Perhaps he had arrived sooner than was expected, and the servant had gone down to the basement for something and would be coming up presently. Walking back to the railing of the basement stairs, he looked down; but there was no light below and no sound of anybody stirring there.

But suddenly, as he turned away, he did hear something, and coming so unexpectedly after the curious silence it made him start. It was the first sound not made by himself that he had heard since entering the house. He listened. It came from the dining-room. Some one was closing drawers there—no doubt a servant.

He took a step toward the door to knock; then stopped and opened his

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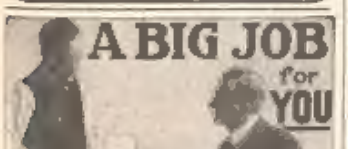

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lips to call out instead; then changed his mind about that too. Knocking on doors and shouting in strange houses was not at all to his liking. The thing to do was to ring the front door bell. That would bring somebody. It was what he should have done in the first place, instead of waiting there like an idiot for somebody to turn up.

Opening the door, he stepped out to the bell; but as his finger touched the button he drew it back without ringing, and looked down the street toward the house opposite his uncle's. From the top of the stoop on which he stood he could not see into the area, the ambush of his enemies, but what he did see set his heart to pounding.

Two slender forms had emerged and were coming his way, advancing at such a slow, slinking gait as made it plain that they were prowling about for no good purpose. Somebody must have smelled a rat!

He pressed the bell-button sharply, and heard the loud shrilling of the bell within; then, turning, he again looked apprehensively down the street. If only he could out and run now, while the coast was clear! But of course he could not—anyway, now that he had rung. He simply had to stay and let somebody know he had been there.

Impatiently he stepped back into the house, expecting to meet the servant who answered the bell half way and so expedite matters; but there was no one in sight, nor could he hear any one approaching. It was plain enough that the family were out and the servants doing as they pleased.

Exasperated, he started forward, intending to go straight to the dining-room and rout out whoever was there without any more ceremony. But at his first step a noise from the parlor stopped him. He heard the double doors to the dining-room drawn back and then closed again. Evidently the person he had heard was coming through that way instead of through the hall.

It flashed across Dozy's mind that in the low scraping of the doors as they slid back there was an odd suggestion of stealth; but he was too impatient to indulge the idea, or to wait an instant longer, and wheeling he gave the half-open door of the parlor a shove and marched into the room.

NEXT moment he found himself face to face with a young man. Both recoiled; then Dozy laughed out wonderingly.

"Why, hello, Brown—you live here?"

The young man's bare blond head shot up with a start, and he stared at Dozy.

"Oh," said Dozy, his jaw falling as he saw that he had made a mistake. "I beg your par—"

But he got no further, for the stranger suddenly dashed past him to the hall; then came the sound of his flying feet on the stairs.

Dozy ran into the hall, just in time for a last glimpse of a dishevelled head as it disappeared above. Arriving at the second story, the owner of the head did not pause, but could be heard running along the passage and thudding up the steps to the floor beyond.

"Well, what do you know about that?" Dozier Cullop said to himself.

Then out from the upper darkness of the house came a scream, a woman's scream—a single piercing shriek.

It ran along the boy's taut nerves like an electric current, shocking him into a palsy for several seconds. Impetuously he started up the stairs, then as abruptly stopped again and listened. But there was no second scream. All he now heard was the running footsteps through the hall and again mounting the stairs.

He started up again, but wheeled sharply at a new noise from behind him—hurrying feet outside on the stoop. The next moment, through the front door which he had left ajar, a man plunged into the house. It was Searborough.

"Dozy! What are you doing here? What was that scream?"

Dozy stumbled limply down the steps to meet him.

"I don't know, Tim—I don't know!" he gasped. "It was up there. *Listen!*"

From above came the distant slamming of a door.

"What is it?" said Searborough, staring at him. "What happened? What are *you* doing here?"

"I don't know—we'd better go up and see."

"Wait" Searborough caught him back. "What are you doing in this house?"

Breathlessly Dozy began to explain; but half way through Searborough cut him off:

"You must have got into the wrong house."

"Wrong house?" echoed the lug blankly. "But the scuttle was open. Oh! Why, that must have been where he was going!"

"He? Who?"

"The man. When I got downstairs and found no one about, I went out and rang the bell, then came back. Then I heard somebody in the parlor, and went in, and—there was a man there."

"What sort of man?"

Dozy hesitated. Back to his mind flashed some suddenly the memory of what he had said to the man, of his odd mistake.

"Why—a—a young man," he faltered.

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He just turned and ran out to the hall and up the steps—and on up. Then the woman screamed and you came in."

"And you didn't hear anything at all until after you rang the bell?"

"Yes; I heard some one in that room back there—the dining-room, I reckon it is. I thought it was a servant."

"And you saw no signs of any one about upstairs, you say?"

"No. Oh, yes, there was a light in a room on the third floor—where the woman was, probably. Oughtn't we to go up and see about her?"

"In a minute. I'll just take a look in that back room first."

Searborough walked swiftly down the hall. At the head of the short flight of basement stairs he stopped and looked down. He saw only darkness. He heard nothing. Then he turned to the door of the room behind the parlor.

It was not locked, but did not open more than a few inches. Something was pressing against it. Placing his left hand on the knob, he slipped his right back to his hip pocket.

"Open this door," he said quietly.

There was no answer.

He tried the door again. It gave a little, then a little more. Then suddenly he stopped pushing, closed it, and turned, a queer look on his face.

"What's the matter?" asked Dozy.

Without replying, Searborough brushed by the boy, who at once hurried after him down the hall and through the parlor to the double doors opening from it to the back room.

The doors slid apart with a scraping noise under Searborough's pressure, and the two men looked into the room.

"My God!" gasped Dozy, falling back.

The room was not a dining-room, but a library or study. Large curtained book-cases lined the walls, and in the middle there stood a flat-topped desk. So much one took in at a glance, and at that moment a glance was all any one could have spared for it. For on the floor, crumpled against the door that led to the hall, there was an object that drew the eye like a magnet.

IT was the body of a man. He was about fifty-five, gray-haired, thin, well dressed, lying face up. Near him lay a red leather wallet from which the edges of papers jutted irregularly, as if they had been crammed into it in haste.

"Stay where you are," Searborough ordered his companion, and, crossing to the body, he knelt and examined it, making rapid tests of pulse and heart. Then he came back to Dozy.s.

"Dead—a blow on the temple," Searborough announced calmly—"and still warm. Here, take this and go call a cop." He dug a police whistle from a trousers pocket, then turned to a telephone.

"Police headquarters," Dozy heard him say, as he himself dashed for the street.

To be continued next week

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How Can I Invest $100 Safely?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ALTHOUGH many newspaper and magazine articles have been written on the subject of $100 bonds, it is obvious that great numbers of investors are as yet unaware that very small sums may be placed in the soundest and strongest bonds.

Almost every week at least one new issue of bonds available in small units is announced. Yet I am regularly in receipt of letters from readers who have never heard of the opportunities that exist for putting their money where it is safe and available, and at the same time more remunerative than in the savings bank.

Will you inform me of some plan by which very small amounts, such as $100, may be invested in bonds or other securities which are reliable and safe and will pay a reasonable return?

What is the best investment for one with $900 or $400 who can not afford to lose?

I should like to know how and where to put savings in small amounts at regular periods and have them earn a reasonable interest.

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Many of those that sell at less than $100 are just as strong, or stronger, than those selling for more. They are lower in price, in many instances, not because they are weaker, but simply because the rate of interest is smaller. Southern Pacific-San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent. first-mortgage bonds may be had at $87.25 apiece. They are as secure that savings banks in Connecticut and California are permitted to buy them. Yet the interest amounts to 4⅝ per cent. on the investment.

For $109.75 one may purchase a Seaboard Air Line first consolidated 6 per cent. bond. This is almost 6 per cent. on one's money. Attractive bonds, especially for persons living in the Pacific Northwest, are the Home Telephone & Telegraph Company of Spokane (Washington) first-mortgage 5s. They may be had at $97, which means 5⅛ per cent. on one's money. They are guaranteed by the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company, which in turn is part of the main Bell concern, the American Telephone & Telegraph.

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European Bonds

FOR those who are willing to buy European bonds there is a chance of several. An Anglo-French 5 per cent. may be had around $93, and pays almost 7 per cent., provided it is paid off in 1920. The American Foreign Securities Company three-year notes may be had at $99, and the return on one's money is about 5.40 per cent. There is no question here as to their safety, because the British Government has deposited valuable American stocks and bonds in New York City as security.

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But it is not necessary to pay for such bonds outright. Many of the bankers will sell them on the partial-payment plan, often for as small a sum as $20 or $25 down and $5 a month. Of course, the broker keeps the bond until it is fully paid for, so it is necessary to be careful to deal only with a house of good reputation.

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John Muir & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, whose main office is at 61 Broadway, New York City, are devoting special attention to helping investors who hold securities to put their funds on a permanent investment plane. Circular G-5, dealing with the subject, will be sent on request.

Every one interested in securities should have a copy of *The Investor's Guide*. It discusses all classes of bonds thoroughly and intelligently, and is adapted to the purposes of the large or small investor. E. F. Coombs & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City, will send you a copy on request.

A new circular, showing how to obtain a dividend every month through the Odd Lot method, has been issued by Hornblower & Weeks, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York City. Ask for circular O-11. The firm also offers special inducements in the way of advice to small investors.

The Odd Lot Review presents concrete and in a readable manner financial news and views written tersely and in plain English such as will interest the average man and which he can understand. Sample copy will be sent on request to 61 Broadway, New York City.

Phelps-Eastman Company (Farm Mortgage Bankers), 500 McKnight Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota, are specializing in the best farming districts of the prosperous Northwest—Montana, the great wheat State. This company will select 6 per cent. mortgages to cover specified amounts, and send full description. Write for booklet, "Questions and Answers."

"Scientific Saving" is the title of a booklet comparing different methods of saving and showing how quickly small amounts accumulate. This booklet and a copy of *Bond Talk*, a bi-monthly magazine discussing investment bonds, will be sent on request. Ask for booklets "E" and "W," to P. W. Brooks & Co., 115 Broadway, New York City.

Investors desiring to acquire $100 bonds of the best known issues, and of a class that is legal for investment by Trustees and Savings Banks, should send for the special list 88 that has been prepared by Merrill, Lynch & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York City.

Of special interest to investors is the January Public Utilities Letter, issued by Williams, Troth & Coleman, 60 Wall Street, New York City. This may be secured without charge by writing for Report "J."

Any one interested in the security market should send to L. R. Latrobe & Co., No. 111 Broadway, New York, for their statistical books on Copper Stocks, Motor Stocks, Standard Oil Stocks, Investor's Guide (200 pages), or Weekly Market Letter. This firm will mail you any one of these books free on request. Partial-Payment Plan.

A special issue on Argentine Conditions and Argentine Railway Securities, with full records, is available to all investors without charge. Send to Messrs. C. W. Pope & Co., 15 Broad Street, New York City, for letter "E."

Steel Stocks

Comparative tables showing capitalization, earnings, market prices and other pertinent data on the larger Steel Companies.

Ask for "E-3" on request

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NOTE—The monthly magazine, "The American Investor," devoted to this people and the Small Payment Plan, will be sent upon request. Address Department "E."

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TO demonstrate the superiority of Henderson's Tested Seeds, and to quickly obtain a large distribution for our mammoth annual catalogue, "Everything for the Garden," we have made up a collection of six of our best specialties which we will send for 10c, together with our catalogue. This is beyond question one of the most liberal introductory offers we or anyone else has ever made.

Here is the Offer

1 **"Everything for the Garden"**—our 208-page 1917 catalogue. It is handsomely bound with a beautifully lithographed and embossed cover. Contains 32 colored plates and over 1000 illustrations. It is a library of everything worth while for the farmer and gardener.

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9 **Coupon Envelope,** accepted by us as 25c toward any order of not less than $1.00 for our seeds, plants and bulbs.

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